

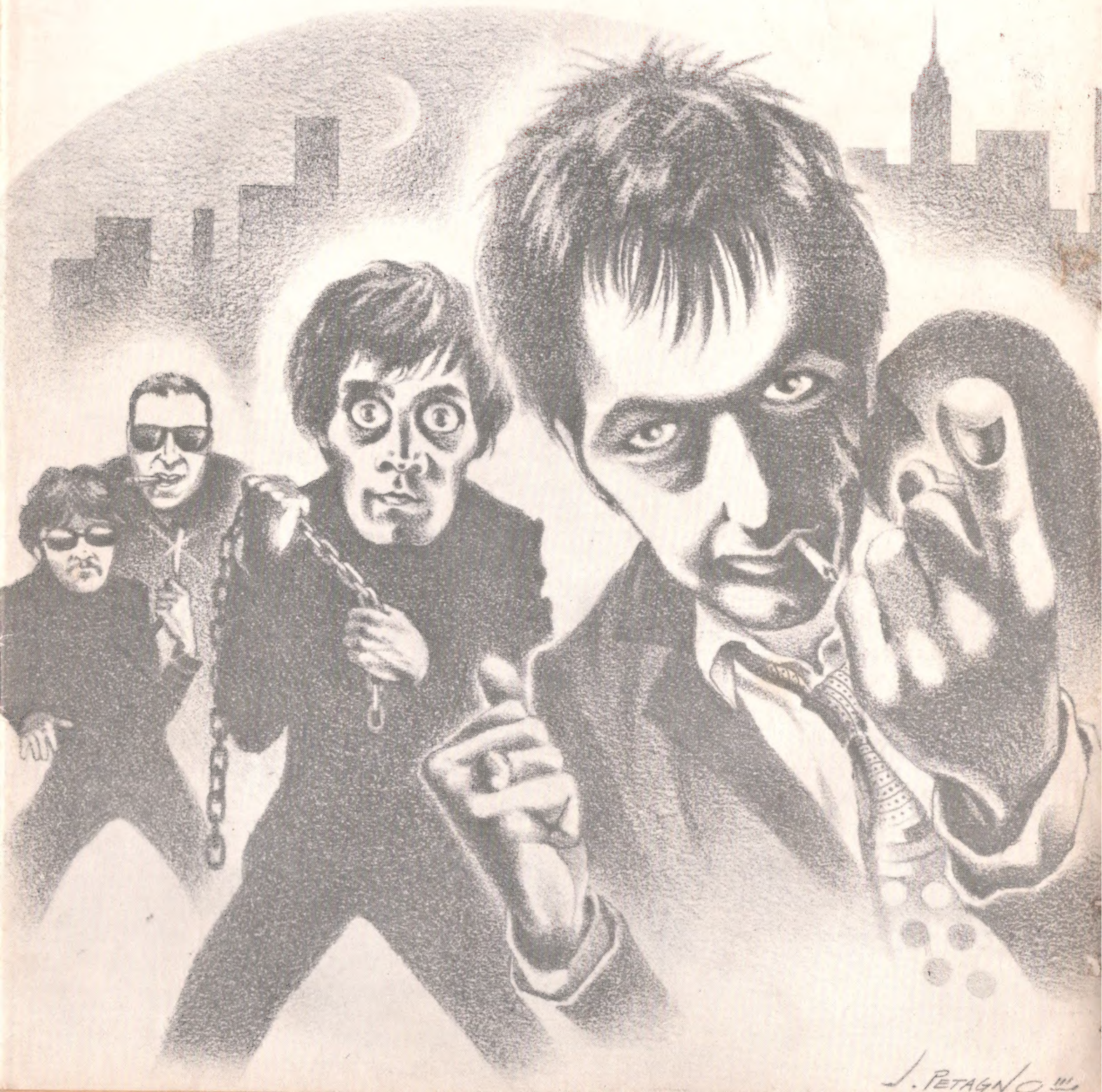
Number 61 June 1976

**Dr Feelgood**  
**Procul Harum**  
**Bonnie Raitt**  
**Ozarks,**  
**Dillards**

25P

**ZIGZAG**

THE ROCK MAGAZINE

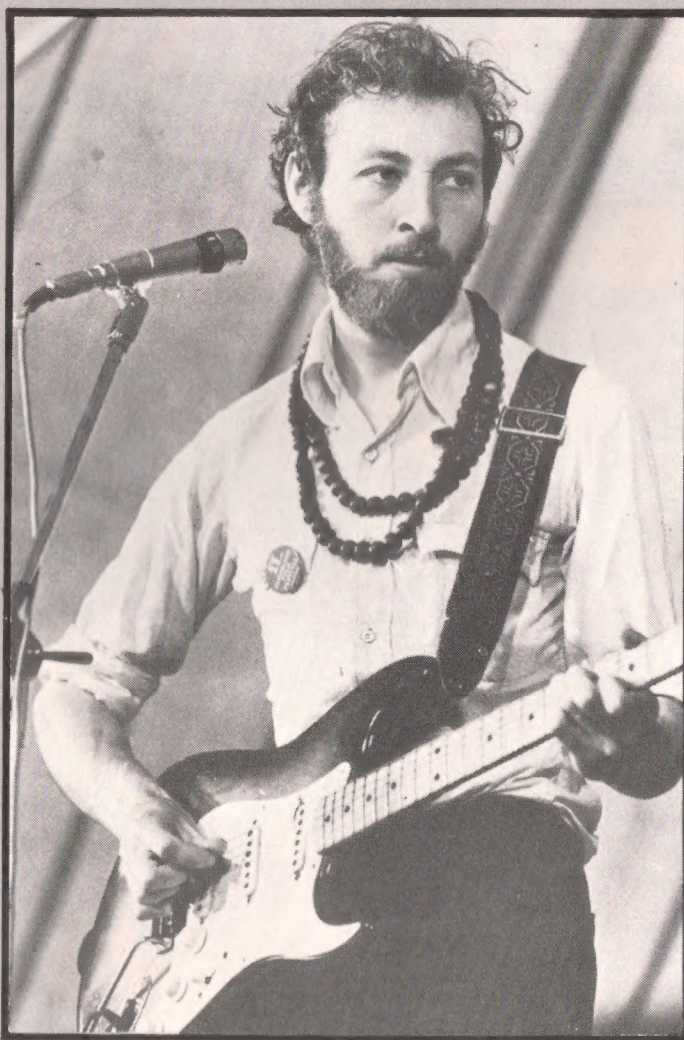


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# PROCOL HARUM

## PART TWO: GLIMPSES OF NIRVANA

Was there ever a time like the summer of 1967? For the old music buffs, it meant an incredible revitalisation and expansion of horizons; for youngsters like myself, (I was a spotty, gangling fourteen at the time, just changing my allegiance from Fred Trueman to the Incredible String Band), a startling awakening; for all, except the ostriches, a period of fantastic excitement.

The year had begun with James Marshall Hendrix taking the country by storm, festooned with crazy clothes and playing guitar with his teeth, and that was the way it went on. John Peel was at a zenith, playing music, the like of which had never been heard on British radio before; the UFO club and its favourite sons the Floyd were pioneering the way of the multi-media show, before audiences who were eagerly investigating the mind-expanding properties of various drugs; and all the while, the news was filtering through from San Francisco, the inspiration behind the summer of love vibe... news of flower power, of love-ins and Haight-Ashbury, of Bill Graham's 'events' at the Longshoremen's Hall and the Avalon, and of the epochal Monterey Festival.

The change was apparent to everybody. 'Top Of The Pops' ceased to be the preserve of Herman's Hermits and Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, and opened its doors to the Floyd, sitting cross-legged on cushions, doing 'See Emily Play', and Jimi Hendrix, singing songs that sounded suspiciously dope-oriented, and arousing parental wrath. The Beatles went to visit the Maharishi, and made 'Sergeant Pepper', (I'll never forget hearing Radio London play that for the first time); the Stones got busted and came out with 'We Love You' - 'We don't care if you found we, or lock the doors around we... 'cos we love you' - and everything in the garden was beautiful.

It didn't last, of course. Monterey soon became Altamont, good vibes became disillusionment and acid cas-

ualties, and with the benefit of ten years hindsight, it all seems a bit silly and naive. It wasn't at the time, though, and if there are any records that can conjure up that long-lost magic feeling, they are Scott McKenzie's 'San Francisco', and 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale'.

The very day that 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' was released, in April 1967, Procol Harum were playing at the UFO, comprising Gary Brooker, Matthew Fisher, David Knights, Ray Royer and Bobby Harrison, and that line-up stayed together through May, doing about a dozen gigs, and starting work on an album with producer Denny Cordell until, in the first week of June, the single went into the Top Twenty. Within a week, it was number one, where it stayed for six weeks, and everybody was talking about this majestically weird, exotic music, with the nonsensical lyrics that somehow made sense - especially after they'd appeared on 'Top Of The Pops', still with Royer and Harrison, looking very enigmatic in various mock-oriental garb.

All was not well, however, and while the record continued its residency at the top, certain changes were being made behind the scenes. Royer and Harrison, the lead guitarist and drummer respectively, were not on the same wavelength, musically - to the extent that the parts of the album done thus far had to be scrapped - so Denny Cordell had to tell them they were out, naturally against their will. They went off to form Freedom, and Bobby Harrison is now the vocalist with Mac's favourite group Snafu... dunno what's become of Ray Royer. At the same time the group parted company with their short-lived manager, Jonathan Weston, who had taken over after Guy Stevens' departure.

"There was David Platz, our publisher, Denny Cordell from New Breed Productions, who was involved with David Platz, and New Breed Management, which was Denny and Jonathan,

so they got introduced to each other. We never really chose any of them, we never said we liked any of them. After three weeks it was obvious Jonathan didn't work out. He came in after the record was released, and was on his way out soon after. When the Rolls Royce called for me for the seventh time to take me to the shops, I got a bit pissed off... he was just wasting my money. If we were going to the studio across at Barnes, I'd be getting ready to catch the bus, and find a uniformed chauffeur at the door. It was stupid".

Replacements came in the forms of Tony Secunda, who was already getting plenty of attention for the Move, and old mates B. J. Wilson and Robin Trower, who strictly speaking auditioned for their places, but in fact had virtually no competition, because nobody else could think of anyone suitable. Barry was a fairly natural choice, as he'd been hanging around while Guy Stevens was helping get Gary and Keith started on the road to unlimited devotion, and, in fact, he'd almost joined in the first place; but Robin had gone back to Southend and got a Cream-type trio together:

"Gary asked me if I'd like to audition, and I said OK, primarily because I needed a new group, but also because I felt they might have something new to offer, musically. I'd heard 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' and like it, but felt they really didn't need a blues guitarist. Still, Gary knew my style from the days when we'd played together in the Paramounts, and I told him I hadn't changed... and didn't expect to".

Unfortunately, this re-shuffling of personnel meant that instead of capitalising on their sudden success, Procol Harum had to go back to the rehearsal rooms, (above the ballet school in Baker Street), and then spend a couple of weeks re-doing the album. This enforced withdrawal from the public eye and ear, coupled with Tony Secunda's policy of "telling everybody to



Chalkie Davies

piss off", ('Paris Match' sent a special correspondent and photographer over when the single was all the rage in France, and they were summarily dismissed empty-handed), meant that all sorts of rumours and questions started to rise up around Procol. The exit of Royer and Harrison to make way for B. J. and Robin looked unpleasantly like an old pals act, and Bill Eyden, who had done the session drumming on the single as Harrison had only just joined, started spreading the story that they were a session group, who owed him a fifth of the royalties. This caused quite a stir in the Sunday gutter press, (remember the hue and cry over the Love Affair the following year), and of course the group, preoccupied with rehearsals and recording, and muffled by their management's policies, were in no position to reply.

Moreover, the album release was delayed for several months in this country, because of the production company's rather random licensing deals, and the group's first live appearances were in Belgium and Scandinavia, and then the United States, so, despite the follow-up single 'Homburg', which got to number five towards the end of the year, most people in this country wrote Procol Harum off as transitory one-hit wonders. It's a tag that has taken a long time to shake off, partly because they have tended to concentrate their efforts in the States, where their greatest recognition has been, and partly because from December '67, when Tony Secunda was eased out of the picture, until late in 1970, when they signed with Chrysalis, they had no proper representation in this country to hustle up any action on their behalf.

Elsewhere, though, things were going better. 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' was a colossal, worldwide hit by the end of the summer, and by that time the group were in a position to get behind it, especially in the States, where they toured during the autumn:

"The first job we played was the Cafe A Go Go, to press people, and we had none of our own equipment and a Mickey Mouse drumkit, and originally we were going to do the whole tour that way - it was a money saving idea - but it became impossible, and we had to send for our own gear. The tour was mostly residencies, and was a disaster, though it was great from the enjoyment point of view. We had a week at the Fillmore in San Francisco, and one at the Winterland, with people like the Doors and Pink Floyd, and that was when it was red hot there, the real boiling-point. It was just going from flower power to 'speed kills', and there was a lot of madness.

We went there with about forty five minutes to an hour's worth of stuff, and found that we had to play for two hours. We just used to double up each number, because our stuff sounded wrong if you stuck in long solos, as it is based on set chord patterns, but I'm sure that's how groups like Cream started extending their numbers".

The tour might not have been a raging success, but the album got a more timely release, as Procol were with A&M for the States, and it was well received by public and critics alike. Called simply 'PROCOL HARUM', (Regal Zonophone SLRZ 1001), it had been recorded at various London studios, notably Olympic and Advision, using a little help from percussionist Rocky Didzornu, and Denny Laine's violin player, but basically with the group playing live in the studio, and although it was done at some speed on four track mono, it's not at all a bad debut album.

The sound is obviously far from perfect, but it is surprisingly full, dominated by Matthew Fisher's classically trained organ playing, (he'd done three years at the Guildhall School Of Music), and the musicianship all round does nobody any discredit. The drums suffer rather badly in the production, but Gary's very distinctive, very English vocals come across well for the most part, and most of the songs

are strong - though I think 'Mabel' would sound more at home on a Lovin' Spoonful album - and in fact, rather ironically, this record provided all Procol's first three hits, as the live recording of 'Conquistador' hit the target in 1972.

The original album is, of course, long since gone to the Great Collector's Item Category in the sky, though it lives on as one half of a double album, (TOOFA 7/8), wherein 'Homburg' is replaced by 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' and the album renamed accordingly.

Before 'Procol Harum' even saw the light of day in this country, work had begun on the second album, which was recorded in late '67 and early '68, during gaps in the touring schedule, and it is possible to surmise that the atmosphere in America in the wake of the summer of love had a profound influence on it, because 'SHINE ON BRIGHTLY', (SLRZ 1004), has always struck me as a particularly poignant reflection of the mood of directionless searching and hoping that was the legacy of flower power.

Lines like 'I'm lost amidst a sea of wheat', 'I search in vain by candle-light... for some long road that goes nowhere, for some signpost that is not there', and 'I have heard tell, that the stairs up to heaven lead straight back to hell' are the major lyrical impression, and when Gary sings 'Above all else confusion reigns, and though I ask, no-one explains', it puts one in mind of King Crimson's debut album, released a year later, when the dream had eroded even further, on which the central lines are: 'Confusion will be my epitaph, as I crawl a cracked and broken path'.

The centrepiece of the album is the lengthy 'In Held 'Twas In 'I' suite, (originally entitled 'Magnum Harum'), which in its five clearly defined segments runs the gamut from pieces of poetical recitation by Gary and Matthew, through more conventional song sections, to magnificently grandiose instrumental/choral climaxes. In the



hands of lesser craftsmen, it would be an opus of quite ghastly pretension, but in fact it's great, and also a fine example of Procol's dry wit, an aspect of the group that most people seem to overlook. How many specialist lyricists can you imagine writing a line like 'Bring all my friends unto me, and I'll strangle them with words'? It also brings the album to a close on a note of optimism, albeit slightly desperate, with the concluding 'It's all so simple really, if you just look to your soul' preceding the searing, soaring 'Grand Finale', which positively cries out in craving hope.

Despite the production - again by Denny Cordell, though he left partway through 'In Held', and Tony Visconti finished it - which once more is relatively duff, sacrificing most things, notably the rhythm section, to the organ, and ending up rather woolly, nothing can disguise the power of this record, which I firmly believe to rank among the truly great. Ignored in this country, it was much lauded across the pond, and it was in America that Procol spent the better part of 1968, increasing their reputation and following, while Britain quietly consigned them to the Golden Oldies pile.

As Denny Cordell had got into new interests, (principally Joe Cocker, whose star rose with quite alarming rapidity in the latter part of 1968), the group had to look around for a new producer when they came to do their third album, and they chose Matthew Fisher:

"Matthew had a bug about production. He didn't like playing organ any more, and he was always in the control room, finding out about it and suggesting things. We believed he'd be able to do it, but he made much better jobs of his own numbers than any of the others. We spent hours on 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'All This And More' got done like that... (snaps fingers)".

Many people regard 'A SALTY DOG' (SLRZ 1009, now the other half of that TOOFA 7/8 double), as Procol's finest hour, but I think that although it has many excellent moments, it is generally too patchy to deserve that accolade. Part of the problem lies in the fact that Gary, Matthew and Robin share the songwriting more or less evenly:

"It just gradually developed that way. If it's democratic, it's more coincidence than anything - they were probably all the numbers that we had. In truth, what it really is, is that people wanted to write songs; but if they're not very good numbers, then it doesn't help too much. The example there is 'Juicy John Pink', which isn't like any of the other tracks. We tried to make that sound like an old record... we did it down at the old Rolling Stones place in Bermondsey, without using a proper machine or anything".

In fact, things get off to a flying start with the title track, which is pure dynamite, as I'm sure you know, and should have been a big hit single here, but wasn't, and the rest of the first side is very good too, though 'Boredom' pretty much lives up to its name - largely, I think, because Matthew sings it himself, and he is simply nothing like as good a singer as Gary. The dissatisfaction really sets in with the second side, which opens with the completely unremarkable 'Juicy John Pink', recovers with 'The Wreck Of

The Hesperus', (a comparatively poor man's 'Salty Dog'), and 'All This And More', before slumping back with Robin's 'Crucifixion Lane', where somebody - it might even be Robin himself - assumes a gratingly bogus mid-Atlantic accent, and 'Pilgrim's Progress', sung rather wearily again by Matthew. On the plus side, the production is a big improvement, and hence the arrangements succeed in coming across more interestingly, with Gary's piano playing and B.J.'s drumming at last getting the attention they deserve.

The Ronnie Lyons mentioned on the sleeve, by the way, was an American, who had been their personal manager, and, at a time when financial hardship and general disillusionment were threatening the group's existence, he had helped put together a tour which proved to be something of a turning point. Procol's financial situation during their first couple of years, in fact, is a tale to bring a lump to the throat - though they themselves seem reasonably philosophical about it. 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' should have made them rich men, especially Brooker and Reid - after all, John Stewart apparently lived quite comfortably for some time on the proceeds from 'Daydream Believer' - but despite worldwide sales in excess of eight millions on that one record alone, Procol never saw a single penny:

"It did all seem to get absorbed. We had a terrible contract with the production company, and it always cost a lot of money to get rid of all these managers and other people. It doesn't make any difference whether you've got a contract or not, because you can have a contract just by service, and in fact we did a six or eight week tour of the States, and all the money, which was a lot, went to these people who we'd never signed a contract with. The problem about any sort of managerial problem is that you'd be stupid to carry on working with somebody who you think is bad for you, yet it would be even more stupid to stop working altogether. To go to court costs a lot of money, because it's not always the right side, morally, that wins in contractual cases, so it always ends up costing us money settling out of court".

The problem about any sort of managerial problem is that you'd be stupid to carry on working with somebody who you think is bad for you, yet it would be even more stupid to stop working altogether. To go to court costs a lot of money, because it's not always the right side, morally, that wins in contractual cases, so it always ends up costing us money settling out of court".

In the end, the constant touring and lack of tangible reward took its toll, and in the spring of '69, after 'A Salty Dog' had been recorded, Matthew Fisher and David Knights threw in their hands. Matthew left to go into production, but had to wait for Robin to go solo before doing anything special in that department, and he made one solo album called 'JOURNEY'S END' (RCA SF8380), released in 1973, which I haven't heard, but which 'Rolling Stone' was pleased to describe as 'completely convincing'. I'm also reliably informed by Mr. Tobler that he has recently returned on DJM under the pseudonym of Obie Clayton. David Knights went into management, (he'd probably decided that's where all the money went), and looked after Micky Jupp's band Legend (which also included T.Rex's drummer, Bill Legend), who made a couple of albums for Vertigo in the early seventies before splitting up... I don't know what David is doing now.

To replace Matthew and David, (and maybe also relieve the financial burden

a little), Procol turned to an old friend from the Paramounds, Chris Copping, who, between drinking beer and acquiring a chemistry degree at Leicester University, had become an accomplished organist, in addition to playing bass:

"When Matthew left, we decided that we wouldn't get another organist, but would be a four piece group, with all sorts of combinations - Robin played bass on some numbers, Chris played bass, or sometimes used pedals - but it got worse and worse, and in the end the only way to have it sounding really good was by having the bass permanent".

With the new line-up, Procol went into the studios in the early summer of 1970 to record 'HOME' (SLRZ 1014), their last album for Regal Zonophone, (sighs of relief, I'm sure). Matthew began work on it with them, but things didn't work out, so they got in Chris Thomas, and began a partnership which lasted, very fruitfully, until 1974:

"We knew George Martin from the old Paramounds days, and he told us about Chris, who had been studying under him at Air for a few years, and it seemed like a good point in time, with the new line-up, to have a new face around, who, although inexperienced, could develop at the same time".

The production on 'Home' proved to be easily the best Procol had got, up to that time, but I must confess to finding it their least appealing effort. With Chris Copping concentrating more on the bass-playing side of his duties, the organ is less prominent than before, and so Robin's guitar gets a chance to step forward into the spotlight, making the music generally heavier and brasher, which is not always a bonus.

Even though the album might not have been an artistic triumph, it certainly succeeded commercially, getting into the American Top Thirty, and is of lasting interest, if only because of Keith Reid's apparently inadvertent obsession with Death, which had always been latent, but which suffuses every track on 'Home'. The original album, again, was deleted many moons ago, and 'Home' then shared another Cube Doubleback (TOOFA 10) with 'Shine On Brightly', but that also is deleted now, (though for some reason the other one is still on the catalogue), so if you want either of those albums, you'll have to go round the second-hand shops.

"Regal Zonophone gradually fizzled out, as people's contracts ran out, and they didn't want to know about re-signing. We had A&M in the States, who didn't do a brilliant job, but they did a better job, and although it wasn't a matter of policy to concentrate on the States, it's such a big place that it takes three months to cover it, and it seemed like we were living there".

Amazingly, by the time Procol played their first big London concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in September 1971, they had already done eleven tours of America, and were equally big in several countries on the Continent; but, once free of the smothering grasp of Regal Zonophone, the time was ripe for some belated recognition in their home country, and it's their gradual advance from being forgotten heroes to receiving the supreme accolade of an extensive Zigzag feature that we'll be looking at in next month's final episode.

Paul Kendall



THE DILLARDS: Dean Webb, Billy Ray Latham, Paul York, Rodney Dillard, Jeff Wilkinson.

# FINALLY CATCHING UP WITH THE DILLARDS

Those of you who possess that rare back number with Family on the front will perhaps also recall a lengthy treatise of mine about the Dillards. A make up job, as was made clear, due to the fact that the only Dillard I could talk to was an ex-Dillard in Herb Pedersen, who was over here as part of a splendid Johnny Rivers band. Thus, Herb told me what he knew of the group, and that was furiously expanded with rumour, American cuttings, and so on, to the extent where a reasonable outline (I hope) of the group resulted.

Since that time, which is around two and a half years ago, very little seems to have happened to the Dillards, save an album on Poppy/United Artists called 'Tribute To The American Duck', which was released in 1973.

Then came the news that Elektra were moving back to the WEA organisation in this country, and that there was interest from the excellent Ian Gurney in getting some reissues on the market of the Elektra goodies of the past, including a compilation effort which I had prepared a couple of years ago on the Dillards, a good value 24 track 50 minute effort, which I believe is at least as good as the Love compilation. Also, it seemed that finally the Dillards were going to make their

debut in this country at last, at the Country Festival over Easter. Although it would not be unfair to say that the final bill for that day was a matter for guesswork on the part of the innocent punter (I met several people who asked me when Rick Nelson was coming on), the Dillards did make it, and Bert Wacks and I caught two performances on Easter Monday, one a radio job and the other the concert performance. Predictably, I loved them, even though it was a little unnerving to hear the same between song chat from Rodney Dillard twice in a short time with little change.

The group, by the way, consisted of Rodney, Dean Webb, Paul York, and Billy Ray Latham from previous records, with the addition of an extraordinarily laid back bass player named Jeff Wilkinson, who smoked a pipe throughout the radio broadcast while playing, and seemed almost soporific next to the rest of the group, without, however, missing a beat. They were great, then, and I'm looking forward to them coming back here as soon as possible, both to catch more of their music, and also to do a somewhat longer interview than the one which follows, which is sketchy, but hopefully answers a few questions:

ZZ: Have you got a new record deal

yet?

RD: Not signed.

ZZ: With a major company this time, because Poppy was kind of a small company...

RD: It was United Artists. A separate company, but right there in the same building. All the people at Poppy were the same people who worked for UA, and they were trying to start a prestige label like Elektra had, with Doc Watson, Chris Smither and so on, but there were business complications, and they had to drop it, so we left.

ZZ: So what have you been doing for the last two and a half years?

RD: We've been working, just waiting for the right kind of deal, the right kind of record situation where we get some promotion, and they distribute our records properly instead of just standing on top of the city's biggest building and throwing them off the top.

ZZ: If that remark is directed at Elektra (it was), I would have thought they picked you up at an early stage, and stayed with you for quite a long time...

RD: They knew how much money they could spend, they knew how much they'd get back, and they never vent-



ured any more money than they knew they were going to get back immediately. They never took any chances with our singles, they never really gave us any promotion. They wouldn't even make up any posters.

(Note: I'm pretty sure I had a poster of the Dillards once, so I don't know how seriously this comment should be taken.)

ZZ: So you left Elektra.

RD: We left Elektra, went to Capitol, and came back to Elektra.

Dean Webb: We cut six sides for Capitol, but only four were released.

ZZ: When did you add Paul York as a full time drummer?

RD: Right after we cut the 'Wheatstraw Suite' LP.

ZZ: When did Mitch Jayne leave, and why?

DW: May of '74, want the date?

RD: He left because he wanted to retire, and he wanted to write, and he built himself a log mansion in the Ozarks, where he sits to this day.

DW: The cabin in the sky!

RD: To this day you can go there and see this old man sitting on the porch, with a white beard. That's Mitch. As a matter of fact, he's got a one hour bluegrass show back in Salem, Missouri, which is what he did before he was in the Dillards. The show's called 'Son Of Hickory Holler', and the original one was just 'Hickory Holler'. The music was changing too, and he was pretty much locked in the acoustic bass field, while we were getting into things that required a more solid bass feel and line.

ZZ: So you got Jeff, who played on one of your brother's albums...

RD: Jeff's a studio man, and he's played with Mason Williams and everybody.

ZZ: Can you tell me about the Bobby Vee record you were on, because it seems like a strange mixture.

RD: It was just a session that Billy Ray and I did, for which they wanted a dobro player, and I happened to be in town. I don't think these things are gone onto with as much thought as you might like to imagine. They get a dobro player because he plays dobro, and they get a guy to fix a flat because he can fix a flat tyre. It's nothing to do with his background.

ZZ: What do you think of this compilation album? (At which point Rodney looks at the track listing, and with the exception of some of side one, seemed to like the record).

RD: Those would probably be the ones I'd pick. That's not bad - we almost see eye to eye, except for about four tracks. For what you did, I think it's very good.

ZZ: I couldn't put any of the live album on because I didn't think it would fit.

RD: You're right, it wouldn't.

ZZ: Or 'Pickin' and Fiddlin'...

RD: That wasn't a record made for anyone but the traditionals, and it was made because during that period, we got completely hacked to pieces by the traditionals. So we said: "OK, fxxx you guys, we'll make an

album, and we'll play it right up your ass!", so we did.

ZZ: Do you have any affection for playing in that style?

RD: Except that I forgot all that.

ZZ: When I did that article (ZZ34) Byron read it, and got really pissed off when I made a joke about Eck Robertson's name.

RD: Did he go all red-faced? Hell hath no fury like a crossed country boy!

ZZ: You presumably don't do anything like that on stage these days?

DW: We do a fiddle tune, and Billy Ray and Jeff do old harmonica and banjo things like 'Old Joe Clark'.

RD: When John (Hartford) comes to play with us, we do a lot of old fiddle tunes.

ZZ: It seems like an odd record, because all the others are commercial to a greater or lesser extent, and that one's totally uncommercial. Only Elektra could have put it out, I think.

RD: Yeah. We owed them an album, and that's what we gave them.

ZZ: Tell me about Anthem Records.

RD: I don't want to talk about them.

ZZ: Is it the same as White Whale, and was that the problem?

RD: Yeah. White Whale became Anthem because White Whale owed their distributors a whole bunch of records, and they left their distributors with all these records, and didn't take them back. The distributors had to eat the records - that's a rumour that I hear! So they changed their name to Anthem and were distributed by UA. Anthem and UA had a falling out when our album ('Roots and Branches') was about 60 in the chart with a bullet, and they dropped Anthem, and when they did, all the money left, so our album plummeted off the charts. Fly by night records...

ZZ: But did you get picked up by UA for Poppy as a result, which I suppose was better?

RD: No, we should have gone back to Elektra. At one point they did want us back, and they could have put out records by us for years, never put out any money, and made money with the same margin of profit.

DW: Us and Theodore Bikel would have been there for ever.

RD: It was just like a line of shoes - we were the goloshes at Elektra. Goloshes always sell in the rainy season, and you don't have to advertise them - you know what you want because your feet are wet!

ZZ: Do you make your records very quickly? You said you didn't cost Elektra much...

RD: Some do, some don't. 'Wheatstraw Suite' was done almost live, just sitting around like this.

ZZ: Can you tell me something about the rumours I've heard that you've been playing synthesiser on stage.

RD: Boy, I'd like to. Was I good?

ZZ: Apparently not. You've never thought of expanding the group that way?

RD: Sure. We've thought about it, and we're trying to get one right now.

ZZ: How does that fit with people from the Ozark mountains?

RD: I don't know. When drums were added on 'Wheatstraw Suite' we were asked the same questions. How does changing the chord patterns in bluegrass music fit? How does changing acoustic to electric fit? All those questions were asked, and you can only tell by time. How does an orchestra fit behind banjos? We did that. How does a moog fit? Young kids are calling us bluegrass - that's all they ever heard, they grew up on our music, so they copy our style. Probably in actuality Adam and Eve were two moles!

ZZ: Tell me about Uncle Genital Dillard. Did he really exist?

RD: Uncle Genital? On my mother's side, and he was on my mother's side most of the time.

ZZ: Did he play his armpit?

RD: Yes, he did. Played cupped armpit at fairs. It was really funny, because by the time I was old enough to appreciate it, he was too old to do it. He couldn't get it to work fast enough, and he couldn't get any suction any more, because he was all boney. The last time I saw him, we went down to see my aunt and uncle in Nashville, and I asked him to do it, and he couldn't. About five days later he died.

Macbent: His secret died with him.

ZZ: 'Beautiful Dreamer' was his ace song wasn't it?

DW: He was trying to work out 'Dueling Armpits' when he died.

(It would be as well to note here that I later discovered from Rodney's brother Douglas, who will have his own feature next month, that this entire episode is completely without foundation. This has subsequently led me to wonder how much of the rest of this interview has even a slight base in veracity. Next time...)

ZZ: How do you feel about Eric Weissberg getting the success with 'Duelin' Banjos'?

RD: I don't care. I care - it bothers me a little, not much. I'm glad he's successful with it, because Eric's a nice fellow.

ZZ: Could it have been you?

RD: Well, probably not. It's not in the cards and the stars. I probably stepped on too many bugs, so I'm paying for it by Eric having the hit.

At which point, the Dillards not having eaten for nine hours, we decided to stop. Their manager is very keen that the group should come back to Britain on their own tour, so if you like what you hear on their records, which is faithfully reproduced on stage with certain amusing verbal embellishments, lobby your local promoter. And in the meantime, check out the compilation album - it's called 'Country Tracks/The Best Of The Dillards', and you can find it Elektra K52035. Also, before too long, it's intended that 'Wheatstraw Suite' and 'Copperfields' should be put out again, so there's something else to look forward to.

John Tobler



# TOTAL UNLIMITED CREDIT

★★★★★

## THE FEELGOODS

### HIT SAN DIEGO

To kick off, I think maybe it'd be a good idea if I furnished you with a brief explanation of how I came to be writing this article.

During the late sixties, I was associate editor of a Boston underground newspaper called Vibrations (long since trampled off the face of the earth by the usual economic harassment), for which Pete Frame was our English correspondent, and when Brinsley Schwarz came to the New York Fillmore in April 1970, I met Pete, and we've been exchanging letters ever since. My journalistic activities curtailed by a glut of writers and a dearth of demand, I split to Los Angeles - after all, if you are going to be destitute, you may as well do it in the sunshine - and eventually found myself tour manager for Iron Butterfly (who, apart from the name, bore very little relation to the acid-era band), with whom I travelled extensively for 4 years, until I recently took up writing again - this time for the more sedate Culver City Star (Culver City is part of the greater Los Angeles conurbation).

This December, Mac Garry looked me up, told me about Dr. Feelgood, and advised me to go see them at the CBS Convention at the end of January. "If you feel like scratching out an article, I'm sure we could use it," he told me, adding (in what I gather is his usual tactless fashion), "but we don't want any of your stuffed-shirt local paper tripe. We want informality and amusement."

So, what follows is a belated (due to circumstances within my control) and essentially disjointed account of Dr. Feelgood's first days in America, and the events leading up to their first Stateside performance.

I drove south from L.A., along three hours of freeway to San Diego, where the convention was being held, found the hotel, and met up with the guys - who were half-expecting me, apparently. There was Lee, Wilko, Sparko, Figure, their manager Chris Fenwick, their tour manager Jake, and Nick Lowe

(who actually remembered me from the Fillmore gig 6 years earlier...at least, he said he did). Nick was "along for the loon", having decided to blow a large slice of the advance he'd got after signing with the Pink Floyd's publishing company. Nice guys, all of them... "earthy", as I'd been warned, but matey and charming - in fact, so alarmingly hospitable that I felt as if I was the foreigner.

The Rivermont is a particularly resplendent example of our hotel industry - the best and most lavish in the world. It was literally too expensive to take in with the human eye, but the brochure in my room took pains to point out that this was no flickering-neon, dockside doss-house: the facilities were modestly listed... the complex of restaurants, ballrooms, and convention suites... the sumptuous luxury of the bedrooms... the extravagance of not one, but three swimming pools... night clubs, cabaret, shops, coffee bars, etc etc, all spread over several acres of "South Californian



Plateau". All I can say is I'm glad I wasn't paying for it.

By way of making introductory small talk, I asked Lee what he thought of the place. "It's ok," he admitted, "but I'm a bit disappointed really.....it's a bit too much like 'The Prisoner' — did you ever see that series? With Patrick McGeehan? Well, it feels too much like that to me.....it's got sinister overtones. Some-how.....can't quite put my finger on it. I really wanted to spend my first nights in America in one of those places like in Alastair Cooke's programme.....you know, with a big neon Indian waggling a tomahawk over the roof of a tee-pee styled motel.....now that would have impressed me".

**W**ithin hours of my arrival, the nature of my assignment switched dramatically. For a start, I was horrified to learn that there were no press passes at all — which meant turning right around and wheeling it home, because I couldn't have afforded 5 minutes at this hotel, let alone 2 days and nights. Nick Lowe, his brain positively fizzing with waves, suggested I assume the role of lighting engineer — assisting Pete Clarke, who the Feelgoods had brought over to take care of their lighting....."after all", said Nick, "I am on the hotel register under the name of Dale Liberator, Equipment Handler.....it's hardly the career I would choose, but it does serve the purpose of funding my accommodation".

At noon I was a journalist, at two I was a lighting assistant, and, through one of fate's oddest quirks, I became Dr. Feelgood's American tour manager at six!

Now I'm not too sure of the background, but no sooner had I arrived than I sensed that Jake's relationship with the band had deteriorated to a state where little mutual respect spanned the chasm which widened between them. Chris Fenwick was continually trying to paper over this crack in their friendship, but the matter came to a head when the Figure took a swing at Jake, after Wilko discovered that his wah-wah pedal, through some oversight, had not been packed with the rest of the gear. The band just seemed to explode with fury, using this flimsiest evidence of negligence as a lever to oust poor old Jake. They flew right off the handle: "why don't you piss off, Jake.....you're useless; we've been here two days now, and you still haven't learned how to use an American telephone". It was quite an ugly, and embarrassing, exchange.

After a hurried conspiratorial huddle, Chris, with reluctance written all over his face, said "I'm sorry, Jacko, but I'm going to have to let you go".....and that was the last I saw of the unfortunate fellow.....shuffling out of the bar, tail between legs, to catch the next plane to London. (In fact, he went to Pete Thomas's house up in Santa Monica, and was reinstated for the Feelgoods' second tour). And that is how, some 7 hours after meeting the band, I came to accept their invitation to take over as tour manager — using my experience of U.S. airlines, cities, venues and hotels, to guide them around America on their maiden tour.....and nuts to my job in Culver City!

**A**pparently, when their first United Artists album was released, the bosses of the American Company decided it was too crappy to sell in any quantity, and gave Chris Fenwick carte blanche to sign with another label if he chose. As the weeks tickled by, the Feelgoods became a huge pheno-

menon in Britain — to the extent that when their second album, 'Malpractice', was ready, they had practically every U.S. label doing somersaults to sign them up.....much to U.A.'s chagrin.

Dismissed by many as a naive limey, Chris Fenwick is as shrewd as Perry Mason and as sharp as a cactus.....he's nobody's fool — and he got those guys fawning like rednecks at a Wallace rally, until the competition was whittled down to a straight battle between Swan Song and CBS.

Incognito, Robert Plant had evidently been to see the unknown Feelgoods at some obscure Midlands club — twice — and he was particularly anxious that they go out on Swan Song, but Fenwick's final choice was CBS.....which was why, that next evening, Dr. Feelgood were to parade their wares before the gathered tentacles of the CBS sales force, not to mention the top brass from 3 continents.

And so it was that by eleven in the morning, the edges of the hotel's 3 swimming pools were lined with pale skinned, light-bulb shaped execs.....revving themselves up to doze at meetings all afternoon, gorge themselves on two-pound sirloins by night, and go haywire on alcohol till the early hours.

Slabbed out on the concrete like so many landed Moby Dicks basking in the tropical heat, it was strange to think that these guys were all spiritually joined by a view of life that saw it as an enormous market place, eager to devour the new waxings from the CBS hit-or-miss factories.....but they were — which is probably the biggest single contributing factor as to why the CBS marketing and sales set-up is the best in the world, and the envy of all other music industry conglomerates. (That's a fact: on the ensuing tour we were constantly impressed by the company's ability to produce up-to-the-minute regional sales figures, and instigate activity in the cities we played in).

Held twice a year, these gatherings, basically convened to promenade the latest talent in an atmosphere of convivial togetherness, are evidently regarded as superb excuses for monster blow-outs. Every participant is well aware of the underlying seriousness of his role in the scheme of things, and one often detected an almost blind fanatic confidence in the infinity of the future of the Company (it seemed as if the ordinary laws of economics could be ignored, that the future reached limitlessly to the stars — just as long as those Paul Simon and Bruce Springsteen platters kept spilling out of the studios.....and, of course, there was an overwhelming confidence that they would), but all work and no play makes Jonathan a dull boy.....and here in San Diego, a good time was going to be had by all!

To the bands, this was just another gig, another hotel, another day on the road — but to all these area managers and sales reps, it was a rare binge. Consequently, they dived into absurd excess as if the world might end tomorrow.

This was fantasy rock'n'roll land, and fully grown men, all given keys to an artificial paradise, were bent on sampling the lifestyles maintained at the glossier end of the industry. If Alice Cooper can do it, so can I! If John Bonham can anoint some unfortunate bystander's bollocks with champagne, so can I! If Keith Moon can beat Lester Bangs' brains out with a Rembrandt, so can I! So, it was not with surprise that I heard two chambermaids discussing the fact that a bed had been hurled to the shrubbery from a

great height. That and two televisions.

The performers, such as the Feelgoods and Michael Murphey, behaved with the utmost decorum (for the most part), but all around them it was bananasville.....the Marx Brothers had come to town.

As an aid to facilitate even greater heights of self-indulgence, there were large notices in the rooms, bearing the legend "Columbia Records Convention, January 1976" and expressing the availability of "TOTAL UNLIMITED CREDIT" — and that brief message set the tone of the event. People were down in the shops decking themselves out with shades and swimming gear, room service was on the hop all round the clock.....this was binge-time with a vengeance.

**T**he first evening, we finished our meal (good wholesome American food; I couldn't understand why the guys compared it to an airline meal.....of course it was like an airline meal — how else does food come? Sparko's fork probed at the carrots — he was perplexed that it had come out of a mould....."look at it, it's just like a bloody sandcastle — turrets and all" — just as Chick Corea was starting his set. Oh dear, this was going to be a little more than I could endure.....if there's one thing I can't stand, it's that trifling, nowhere jazzy stuff.....but Chick was beside himself with enthusiasm: "We had the pleasure of recording our new album at the Caribou Ranch.....this is another number from it.....it's really good to be on CBS".

Chick was really into it, but not too many others were. One guy, on the table next to us, turned to his neighbour and said "Do you think this is going to be a big album, Herbie?".....obviously totally confused by it all.

I could stand it no longer. Leaning over to the CBS guy assigned to look after us, I explained I was terribly sorry to appear impolite, but I had a busy day tomorrow and needed to retire early....gave him all the flannel about how I wanted to be in tip-top condition for the Feelgoods' debut.

Feeling very smug, I tip-toed out in the general direction of the bar, relieved to hear that tedious music disappear under the general chatter — and then, horror of horrors, I turned round to see the Feelgoods trooping out in a line behind me.....obviously under the impression that I'd made excuses on their behalf.

"We got the eyeball message that it was cool to go," explained Figure, ".....we thought you was telling the bloke we didn't like this kind of music." A flying start.....they must have thought we were a right lot of rude bastards.

Poor Lee, feeling guilty about the line of bods trooping out, remained seated — but he too succumbed after several minutes. He rose from the table, telling the CBS guy that it was "nothing personal" and that he wouldn't mind or feel offended if Chick got up and walked out of the Feelgoods' set.

Out in the bar, Nick and Clarkie were having a much better time — getting swacked on gratis Jack Daniels.

If we were civilised and sophisticated enough to use page numbers, I could tell you the exact page on which this article continues. As it is, you will just have to search for it.....it's up near the back somewhere.

# EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS



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island records



This is being written on a sunny Sunday, which also happens to be my birthday. It is the first day of an approximately six month period occurring each year when I am the same age as Frame. This is a constant source of wonder to those fortunate enough to know us both - "Are you really as old as that?", they say to me, while their remark to Frame is: "You can't be as young as that!" As he strides around the dirt tracks of North Marston and its environs wearing his yellow cycling cape, a relic of a bygone era, (Look who's talking! -Ed.), his toothless gums frightening animals, and his surreal out-of-context laughter killing defenceless vegetables, it is only the faithful and demented Mac Garry a few paces behind, sailor hat at a jaunty angle, who can give the villagers any reassurance that the Robert Newton-like figure will not embark upon another of his terrifying assaults upon their peace.

He hasn't been to my house lately, which is probably as well, as the vegetables, which I hold dear to my heart, are just beginning to emerge into the light. I suspect that the current drought is providing quite enough problems without an unscheduled onslaught from a Hammer film future project. Seriously though, if you have any old sets of dentures which you don't need, please send them to him. At the worst he could plant them in his garden near the cans, I expect - Mac has this theory that an empty beer can will replenish itself from natural sources if allowed to return to the earth from which it came. Which reminds me - if anyone has a stomach pump... (OK Tobler, enough of the NONSENSE, get on with the STUFF - Ed.).

I seem to have enjoyed this month. I went to a very good gig at which Billy Swan was making his British debut, and he was exceedingly good. The lack of pretension in his act was very refreshing, and his backup band of close-to-unknowns acquitted themselves so well that I reckon we'll be seeing Billy and his boys over here again before too long. The other act on the bill was Willie Nelson, and I have to confess that I enjoyed his show rather less, perhaps due to the fact that a gargantuan team of roadies seemed frequently to be in more important positions on stage than Willie and his musicians. I like his songs, mind you, and his guitar playing on an antique box with a hole in it was exemplary.

Then there was the country festival. Bert Wacks and I went on the much touted contemporary day, and we got exceedingly drunk among such famous names as Tom Sheehan, Mr. Frisbee Neenan, Uncle Harry, Rocky, Keith Chalky, Big Ed, Childs and so on - all veteran Zigzaggers. The music was something else again. The enjoyment quotient produced by the Dillards, John Hartford, Country Gazette and Buffy St. Marie was high, although sound problems rendered Roger Bush's big bass inaudible and all of those mentioned, except Buffy, received far too little time on stage. Carl Perkins was better than I might have expected, and in fact he makes a couple of guest appearances on the next Billy Swan album, which is out soon, but at this stage I wish to draw a veil over the



rest of the bill. Where were Rick Nelson, Brewer & Shipley, Hoyt Axton? I have a suspicion that the organisers lost a lot of faith with the paying customers, and I was asked just before the end of it all whether Rick Nelson was going to be on by an obviously avid fan. When I told him I didn't think so (a polite negative), the look of hurt disappointment on the guy's face was tragic to behold - he'd come all the way from Lancashire or somewhere. I don't expect that will worry the organisers unduly.

As there is a rather bizarre records page elsewhere, I wish at this point to list a few of the things I've received which I consider to be worthy of your attention. The majority of these records are reissues of one sort or another, which leads me to tell you that the only two really essential records new this year at the time of writing are those by Guy Clark and Steve Miller, although it's fair to say that I'm anxiously awaiting several others which could easily be in the same category. Right - of somewhat lesser interest there's 'The London American Leg-



end Pt. 2', 'Pat Boone Originals', 'The George Hamilton IV Story', 'The Outlaws', 'Famous Country Music Makers' by Chet Atkins, 'Murderer's Home' and 'Blues In The Mississippi Night' (field recordings by Alan Lomax), the latest Phil Spector collection, hopefully to add to the previous three, 'Doowop Doowop' on DJM, and as in private duty bound, just like they used to say at school on the last day of term in prayers, 'Country Tracks/The Best Of The Dillards'. There are some other newbies that I like, but that may be down to personal taste. So if you think your tastes are as odd as mine, look out for 'The Possible Dream' by Darling and Street, 'Texas Gold' by Asleep At The Wheel, the Albertos album, Robert Palmer's second album (how about a tour?), and Elton's live album.

A cautionary note to Dr. Hook completists - despite the fact that you can buy 'The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan' LP compiled by my good self (the title is a euphemism - it should be 'The Best Of Dr. Hook'), the American arm of CBS have seen fit to put out an album called 'The Best Of Dr. Hook', which might be more accurately title  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the best of Dr. Hook, as it only contains ten tracks, two of which I didn't think were good enough for the album I did. Watch out - the price of imports is already far too high.

In theory, the next two days should be a bit busy, as the plan is to see Nils Lofgren during the first part of tomorrow evening, Jesse Winchester later on, and Elton on the next day. I look forward to each of these events with almost equal enthusiasm - now there's a word that's been conspicuous by its absence lately. Its presence is to a large extent due to a really ace phone interview I did with Steve Miller, much of which will presumably have been published in the NME by the time you read this. Those esoteric points which are more likely to appeal to you lot will be going into the next issue of this periodical, so watch out, but make sure you get the record in the meantime. 'Take The Money And Run' is a killer.

Animal news - one of the chickens died, through the dread eggbound disease, we subsequently discovered. The remaining five are alive and clucking, while Spoonful the cat, Tiny Dancer and Dingbat the dogs, are all extremely well, killing the lawn and terrorising passers by.

The summer months will result in the entire staff of Plummet Airlines doing their thing in places further afield than previously, so it would be in your interests to look out for them, as they all have your names and addresses. At the moment, they're in Wales, at Ian Gomm's new studio, helping Malcolm Morley to record his solo album, one which above all others seems to deserve the epithet 'Long awaited'. You should be looking forward to it as much as we veteran Zigzag people are. I trust you've noted that the magazine has now been happening for a ludicrous seven years. Without your support, guys and gals, it couldn't have happened, so from all of us here, thanks a very big bunch. See you soon.

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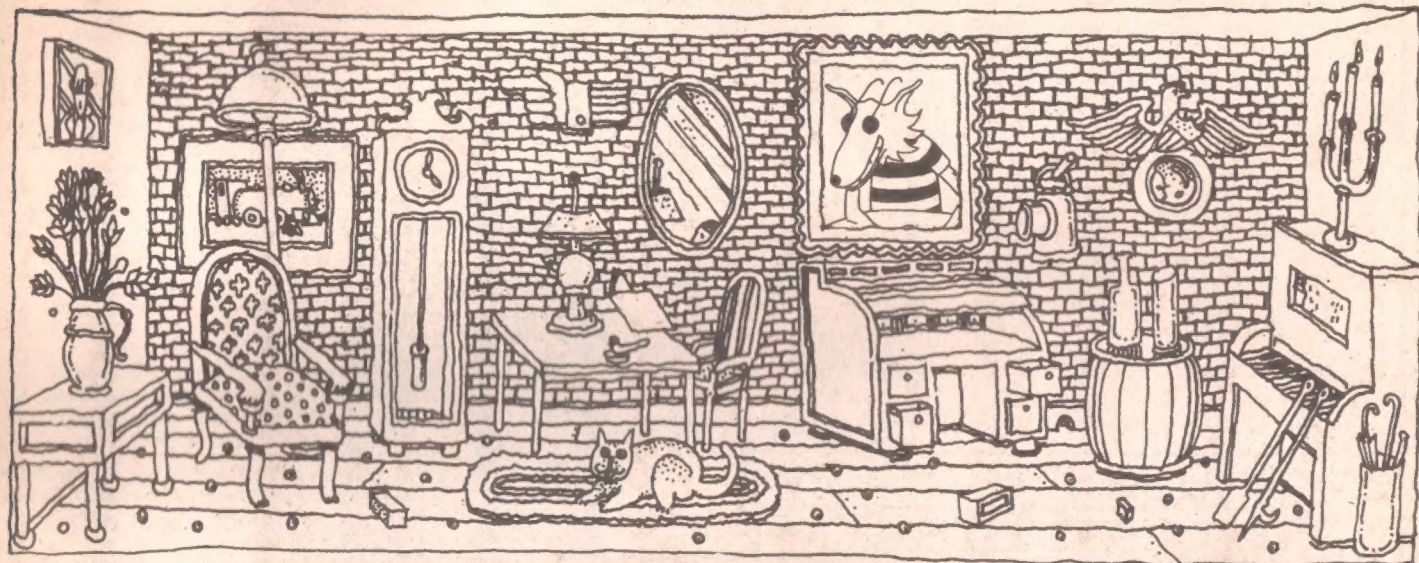


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# AT HOME WITH



## BONNIE RAITT

On examining her albums, of which there are five to date, I drew various conclusions about Bonnie Raitt's recording career.

The first, 'Bonnie Raitt' (US Warner Bros. WS1953, released in 1971), reflects her predilection for the blues more than any subsequent album, so it seemed reasonable to assume that after its apparent commercial non-success, the record company had requested more contemporary material... which is presumably why the second album, 'Give It Up' (K46189 released in 1972), has rather more of that sort of number.

The pattern continued on album three, 'Takin' My Time' (K46261, released in 1973), which featured a preponderance of songs by contemporary writers, as opposed to only two blues numbers.

Reverting briefly to the first album, there's a sleeve note written by Bonnie from which I quote: 'We recorded live on four tracks, because we wanted a more spontaneous and natural feeling in the music - a feeling often sacrificed when the musicians know they can overdub their part on a separate track until it's perfect. It also reflects the difference between music made among friends living together in the country, and the kind squeezed out trying to beat city traffic and studio clocks'. Beautiful sentiments indeed, but a shock to the system to discover that her fourth album 'Streethlights' (K56075, 1974), was recorded in New York with a bunch of session people whom it is most unlikely that Bonnie knew apart from by reputation.

However, the most recent album, 'Home Plate' (K56 60, 1975), shows a reversion towards the style of the first three, and I must say that Bonnie sounds a lot happier.

Right, that's the background... now we'll go into the interview mode, and

where it's appropriate, I'll do my best to annotate Bonnie's remarks.

ZZ: Would you mind holding this?

BR: I never hold it during interviews, hold it yourself! Oh, you mean the mike...

ALBUM ONE: 'BONNIE RAITT'

ZZ: The first album is mostly blues, with only four or five songs that are not.

BR: You're taking it so seriously! No other journalist has ever bothered to dig out all the background like you have! This is great... I feel like an established artist!

ZZ: Lady, this is serious. We might as well do it properly!

BR: Oh, you are sweet... I'll hold your mike for you any time!

ZZ: Your blues heritage comes across much stronger on this album... so much so that I wondered if Warners told you to be more commercial on the others.

BR: No, they have no control over the artistic side of my recording, only the financial side... like, if I got into budget problems (as with 'Streethlights'), they would have something to say, but for the most part, they leave the choice of material and presentation to me. I see what you mean, though. What happened was that I put all my blues songs on the first album (though I subsequently recorded more blues on later albums) - partly because there were established bluesmen around to help me out, and that's what I was playing live at the time.

ZZ: In fact, you used to share billing with a lot of these blues acts, didn't you?

BR: Sure... in the beginning, when I was an opening act, I opened for people like Fred McDowell, Arthur Crudup, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells,

and I often got onto the big blues festivals, like the Ann Arbor festival.

Mind you, I often got the impression that I was booked because I was three minorities rolled into one. I was the only female, the only acoustic player, and the only traditional blues artist on the 1972 bill... and I think another reason they asked me was because I had access to Sippie Wallace. By that time, I'd recorded three of her songs, and she'd agreed that if I was on the bill, she would come up and play with me... and that's what happened. It was really a great moment, for Sippie Wallace to come out of retirement and join me on stage!

(Note: the results of this historic alliance are partially preserved on a double album, unfortunately only available on import, titled 'Ann Arbor Blues & Jazz Festival 1972', on Atlantic SD2-502. Bonnie has a track of her own, plus one with Sippie, and other artists on the record include Bobby Bland, Dr. John, Junior Walker, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Freddy King, Otis Rush, and even Sun Ra.)

ZZ: And you worked yourself into a position where you became more popular than your mentors.

BR: Well, that's always been one of the sad and ironic things about the blues; young white artists always seem to eclipse the people they get their music from. It's happened time and time again, and it's happened to me. I eventually began to get gigs as a headliner over the people I'd learnt from, and after a few months of being hung up, I realised there was nothing I could do about it. I decided the only thing I could do was to turn the situation around, and get people like Roosevelt Sykes and Sippie Wallace on my bills by using my influence. I did that in Boston, where it was financially viable, because my biggest towns are down the Eastern seaboard,

but we're going to do it in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and we're going to film it.

ZZ: Capture these old blues artists for future generations to see, right?

BR: Well, in some ways, it's a race against time. I don't want to come off like a public benefactor or crusader or something, but I do feel it's real important that audiences should see these people... and the two I travelled around with most, Fred McDowell and Arthur Crudup, are both dead now.

ZZ: I guess a lot of these artists are broke, while their 'pupils' rip off their songs and claim them as their own.

BR: That doesn't happen too much now, because someone will catch it and embarrass them in public... people like Dick Waterman, the guy who books me, and others like him, have brought it to the public's notice.

The Stones, for example, recorded 'You Gotta Move', and Fred got the money from that, so those things are kind of copyrighted. What you can't do is copyright a guitar style, or an influence... obviously you can't do that, because is some 18 year old British guitar player supposed to give royalties to Eric Clapton if he plays a Clapton lick? Eric would have to pay Buddy Guy royalties for the three licks he played in the third verse... it's not so much that they're being ripped off, it's that those among us who do the blues owe it to people who aren't doing as well to either put them on the show, or share the funds in one way or another.

ZZ: Is there anyone else who does it?

BR: Taj Mahal does, but there's different ways of doing it. You can do their songs, which publicises them, and gives them royalties; you can talk about them in interviews... like, anyone astute enough to read this article



Chalkie Davies

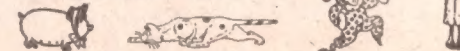
may go out and buy their records. England's famous for having got into the blues before the Americans did, and half those blues people made their living and reputation by coming over here and playing British clubs.

ZZ: Like Sonny Boy Williamson, and John Lee Hooker, and so on, who became popular during the R&B days of the early Stones and Yardbirds?

BR: Exactly, and that 'boom' had a lasting effect on things like the availability of records. Like, when I lived here at Arsenal for a month and a half in '68, I went to Dobell's, and that's where I found my first Sippie Wallace record. It's kind of ironic that I had to come 3000 miles to find it, because they're not released in America. And there was a bunch of Howlin' Wolf tunes on a Marble Arch album. I've been a blues freak since I was 14, but I couldn't get a lot of the records.

Anyway, I can't really say there's no other groups deliberately putting acts on the bill with them, because there's not many around. Ry Cooder took Sleepy John Estes around, Don Nix took Furry Lewis - I hear Joni Mitchell's got a new song about Furry Lewis - but other than that, I'd like to create a foundation of some sort.

If America was hip enough, in this bicentennial year, when they're waving flags, and selling red, white and blue hot dogs, the government should support Chicago Blues as a piece of American history. Black history courses and black people in America have unfortunately not been into blues at all, and that's kind of sad, but I think government funds should go into preserving what's left, so that when these people die, you're not just going to have Taj Mahal, and John Hammond, and me, and a handful of other white people, because it's really second hand.



End of quote for a while. It's fairly obvious that Bonnie has thought a lot about her role as preservation expert for the blues, and equally obvious that her ideas make a lot of sense. It's an indication that others who have failed to acknowledge the sources which resulted in them becoming both rich and famous have an insufficiently developed conscience, and I rather hope some of them read this. Lobbying for the legalisation of marijuana is one thing, but helping to preserve the inspiration behind your success seems to me to be rather more important. And so back to the first album, after a rather lengthier preamble than was intended:

It was recorded at Dave Ray's Sweet Jane Studios at Enchanted Island, 30 miles west of Minneapolis, on Lake Minnetonka. There is in fact a Sweet Jane label, which has so far, to my knowledge, released two albums: 'Music Is Just A Bunch Of Notes', and 'Some American Folk Songs Like They Used To Be'.

Dave Ray was once a third of Koerner, Ray and Glover, who made a series of records for Elektra in the mid-sixties under the general heading of 'Blues, Rags and Hollers'. They are definitely recommended, both intrinsically, and because they attempt, mostly with success, to be the American end of the white blues revival, whose English chapter was composed of the Stones, the Yardbirds, John Mayall, etc.

The only member of the trio fully active in performing is Spider John Koerner, and his activity is based in Denmark, where he lives with a Danish wife. However, the last record he made for a major label is 'Running Jumping Standing Still', which was released on Elektra in 1969, and featured in ZZ2. He was joined on that album by one Willie Murphy, who bears a passing resemblance to a Womble in the sleeve photos. After



a long silence, I read a 'Rolling Stone' review of 'Music Is Just A Bunch Of Notes' by Spider John Koerner with Willie (Murphy) & the Bumblebees.

To acquire this record, it was necessary to send two and a half dollars to an address in Minneapolis, which Andy Finney did on his behalf and mine. We are probably the only people in Britain with a copy of this record, which is a shame, because it's very good. Also Bonnie Raitt is on it. I remember reading about 'Some American Folk Songs', but don't recall much more about the record, except that I wrote the address down, which was Sweet Jane Ltd., Snake Trail, Cushing, Minnesota 56443. The aforementioned Mr. Finney has of course sent off an enquiring letter, but so far to no avail... more news when we get it.

'Bonnie Raitt' features two Sippie Wallace songs, a Robert Johnson, a Tommy Johnson, one of Bonnie's original blues ('Finest Lovin' Man!'), 'I Ain't Blue' (from the aforementioned 'Running Jumpin' album), Steve Stills' 'Bluebird', 'Any Day Woman' by the highly under-rated Paul Siebel from his indispensable 'Woodsmoke and Oranges' LP, and Bonnie's own 'Thank You'. Then there are 'Danger Heartbreak Dead Ahead' as in the Marvelettes, and 'Since I Fell For You', which was a hit for Lennie Welch some years ago, I think. Not an unpleasant mixture, resulting in a pretty good first album, but not a patch on the next two. Before we leave, here's Bonnie talking about Koerner, Ray and Glover, A.C. Reed



(Jimmy's brother) and Junior Wells, who are both on the record, and the scene that surrounds Willie Murphy.

ZZ: Do you regard yourself in some ways as a sort of latter day Koerner, Ray and Glover, in that you're trying to keep alive the same sort of things?

BR: What a compliment! Turn the tape off while I give this man his due! (Tobler, displaying a minimum of reluctance, disrobes completely, and receives his due). That's real wonderful of you to say. I was blown away by those guys when I was growing up and learning guitar, and I've since become good friends with them to the extent where my brother is in partnership, living up in the woods with Dave Ray as part of Sweet Jane.

If you could find some work for John Koerner, he'd zip over here in

a second, and Tony Glover's a well respected journalist and harp player, and he still lives in Minnesota. The Minneapolis scene is like Austin, a music scene that will eventually happen. (Note: the Austin, Texas scene is documented in a book called 'The Improbable Rise Of Redneck Rock', by Jan Reid, published in the US by Heidelberg. It's interesting, but it'll set you back a bit. Mine was borrowed from Keith Smith). Austin's happening now, but Minneapolis is a bit different, since the Bumblebees haven't been able to get themselves together. When two of them are on the wagon, the other two decide to go completely berserk and drink themselves into a stupor, but there's really a wonderful music scene in Minneapolis which no-one knows about.

On this sleeve picture (on the first album) is a pink Cadillac, which is A.C.'s, and a green Cadillac, which is Junior's. I asked them to come up from Chicago and sit in on the album, because I'd known them for four years and I told Junior it was a little bit in the country. He said he'd get there, but he didn't realise it was a summer camp, a remedial reading camp, with fleabitten mattresses and an outhouse. The studio was the hippest building, a brand new garage housing the recording equipment, and we had to keep the doors open. We put the horns in the driveway, because since it was only four tracks, they would leak onto the others, and occasionally you can hear the horn players batting bugs in the middle of the night.

John Tobler

To be continued next month (at a somewhat speedier pace).

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If you'd like to dig out your old school atlas and look at a relief map of the United States, you'll find the Ozark Plateau taking up most of the state of Missouri. Mountains is perhaps a misnomer, as they're only around the two thousand foot mark - it's more of a two hundred mile wide hiccough in the landscape as the Great Plains begin their sweep west from the Mississippi to the Rockies. The chief town in the area is Springfield (not to be confused with the capital of Illinois), a small town of around 120,000 souls, among whom are numbered the six gentlemen who over the last couple of years have brought the Ozark Mountains to international prominence - the Daredevils themselves.

Like most 'small' towns, Springfield had a fairly close-knit music community, centering on the New Bijou Theater, which doubled as rehearsal facilities and 'one of the only good live music clubs ever to be in Springfield'. Around the turn of the seventies, local groups like Grate Sloth and Granny's Bathwater, which boasted the services of John Dillon and Larry Lee, were at the heart of the scene, and in the winter of '71, Randle Chowning (who tells the story along with Buddy Brayfield), conceived the idea of a grand linking of forces, a sort of Springfield supergroup.

"At that time, I had seen John and Larry playing around in different groups - the place we're from is rather small, and it doesn't take you that long to become acquainted with all the musicians in town - and at the time we got together there was Larry, John and Steve, and they represented about half the people in town who were writing their own music. There were a lot of musicians, but only say ten who were writing very much".

The plan was to have a kind of writers' co-operative, and over a short space of time, the members involved relieved themselves of commitments to various Springfield aggregations, until the Ozark Mountain Daredevils (abbreviated from the Cosmic Corncob and His Amazing...) consisted of: Buddy Brayfield (keyboards, oboe), Steve Cash (harp), Randle Chowning (guitars, mandolin), John Dillon (almost anything with strings), bassist Michael Granda, who had previously been with Grate Sloth, and Larry Lee (drums and guitar).

Steve had never actually been in a group before, as he was in fact more of a poet than a musician (he once had a piece published in 'Rolling Stone'), but he'd just begun to turn his lyrical bent into actual songs, so he was invited to join the group.

"He'd write more or less accapella. Occasionally he'd have a little help from his harp, but for a long time he'd just have a melody change for us to put the chord changes underneath. Now he's getting more complex. He's developed since he learned to play the guitar - he's probably writing more than anybody else now".

At this early stage in their history, of course, the various Daredevils were still mostly doing other work



to keep body and soul together - Larry worked in a bar, for example, and Buddy was in a hospital (he almost went to medical school) - but despite this, the group put in a lot of time during the spring of '72, working up each others tunes, either at the New Bijou, or at the Ruedi Valley Ranch, just outside Springfield, where Randle lives with his brother Rusty, who used to be their roadie, but who now works in publishing. By early summer they'd done a few local gigs, and taped some of them, so Steve Canaday, who was manager of the New Bijou, hied himself off to the Big Apple, and somehow managed to blague his way into the office of the famous John Hammond, Snr.:

"He played him 'Black Sky' from the live show that we'd done in the club, and he really liked it, so he sponsored a more polished demo tape for Epic records, with a producer called Michael Sunday. Instead

# THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS

of using that time to go in and just record three or four songs, we played almost live, and recorded almost everything so far worked up, which was about 23 songs, in fifteen hours. Some of them were real good, and some were horrible. Anyway, they went back to Epic, and they passed."

Undeterred, Randle and Rusty took the Epic tapes around some more people, and at the end of the summer the group signed with Stan Plesser of Good Karma management, who were already handling Brewer & Shipley, and they began making enough money to turn full-time:

"We did several gigs that first winter after we'd signed with Good Karma. We did a lot of college dates and things around the Midwest, polishing up for when people would come to listen to us. Stan had Brewer & Shipley, and through that he knew a few people in LA, so he was able to make that bridge bet-

ween us and the West Coast record industry".

Stan Plesser's bridge-building included taking the by-now-well-played Epic tapes to Warner Bros. who weren't staggered, and to A&M, who, in the person of staff producer David Anderle, were sufficiently impressed to sign the group up in the spring of '73. As if that wasn't enough of a break to be going on with, barely a year after their first gig (which just happened to be in their friendly local psychiatric institution), it then transpired that David knew Glyn Johns - ten years on from doing demos for the Paramounts, and by now established as one of the world's most sought after producers.

"David and Glyn are real good friends, and it just turned out that for some time they had been talking about maybe doing a group together, and from the tape it was obvious that we were an acoustic group. David didn't play Glyn the tapes, in fact, he got him to come to Kansas City and hear us play one night. As it turned out, when we got through, and met Glyn in the dressing room, he did not like the show, and he didn't think we were good enough to record".

The main problem that evening, apparently, had been the Ozarks' sound system, which at that point in their development was, unsurprisingly, not quite up to handling the plethora of voices and acoustic instruments being pushed through it. Fortunately, however, Mr. Johns' ability in the producer's chair is obviously equalled by his capacity for patience and sympathy, because he went back to the Good Karma offices with the band, where he got to hear their songs and harmony work in a rather better situation. "After one number I told them to stop", he is quoted as saying, "They didn't have to play any more, I was ready to work with them".

So, shortly afterwards, the group found themselves and their entourage being whisked away to the infamous Headley Grange, where they stayed for six weeks while recording their first album at Olympic Studios in Barnes with David and Glyn. Olympic was virtually Glyn's base at the time (you'll remember he brought the Eagles over here for their first effort), and it was his suggestion that they should come over. If A&M had any qualms about the expense of such an operation with a new group, and I imagine they must have done, they seem to have been allayed by Glyn's involvement, and their faith was rewarded with an album that has gone gold in America, and which realised the Daredevils' first hit single, called 'If You Want To Get To Heaven'.

Rather to my surprise, Randle reckoned this album, scintillatingly titled 'THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS' (AMLH 64411), to be their best:

"There was so much of an incentive to make that first album, that it's been kind of difficult to pick up the energy since. We worked up a lot of material for that, and most of the songs on that album have withstood the test of time and repeated live



playing. After that, the desire was kind of depleted, so it's been difficult to channel the energy since then. I think with most groups it's that way, it seems like in every new group it's hard to keep it going consistently".

Energy is probably about the last word that people usually associate with the Ozark Mountain Daredevils (a little unfairly, perhaps), but there undoubtedly is energy of a kind evident on the album. Naturally it's not the Snafu/Black Oak Arkansas 'get up and boogie' sort of energy - more the sort of hard-to-define inner tension that you sense in music, which is made when the creative juices are flowing easily.

The first side, particularly, is very good, with one of Larry's distinctive ballads, 'Spaceship Orion', two of Steve Cash's zany up-tempo numbers, including the hit single, and the album's best cut, 'Colorado Song', which starts off as a pleasant acoustic ballad before building, after a false ending, into a magnificently controlled instrumental/harmony coda.

The second side is mighty purty too, if lacking the immaculate pacing of the first. Randy's 'Road To Glory' is probably the most outstanding song he's committed to vinyl so far, and John's 'Beauty In The River', as the title might suggest, brings the album to a very suitable conclusion on a note of relaxed contentment in the arms of Mother Nature - a structural ploy that has been used on each of the albums so far. All in all a very fine record, which has apparently outsold the susquent two put together.

Once back in the States, things started happening pretty fast, as the single went into the Top Twenty, and the group played support dates on tours with the Doobie Brothers and Loggins & Messina. Their hearts weren't really in this latter activity, however, and they prefer to do smaller (if less lucrative) shows, closer to home, where they get a sound check and more than forty minutes to do their stuff:

"In the States, audiences are really rock'n'roll orientated, that's why so many British groups are popular - the audience responds to the energy more. Our biggest failures in live concerts have been big stadiums and festivals, because we are just not structured to project ourselves in giant arenas, either soundwise or spiritwise".

Meanwhile, back at the Ruedi Valley Ranch, the Daredevils were recording their second, which might seem a bit surprising, after travelling 5000 miles for their first effort:

"I think everybody at the time thought that by getting a mobile unit, and taking it to the ranch, we could stay in our own environment, and create a good working atmosphere. It really started off as an experiment to see what kind of sound we could get out at the ranch, and as it turned out, the house has really good acoustics. Glyn was impressed with the acoustics of the house, because prior to doing our first album, he and David had come and spent about a week listening to all our material, suggesting time changes, and drum parts, and everything, and he had mentioned himself that he would be

willing to record there, so it had always been talked about. It was kind of radical to go from one of the best studios in the world, to an old house in the outback of Missouri, but it worked out".

Work out it certainly did, and though it is Randy's least favourite of the three albums (perhaps because he's only got one song on it - I'll bet John Dillon likes it), I must say that it's the one I listen to most.

In a lot of ways, 'IT'LL SHINE WHEN IT SHINES' (AMLH 63654) carries on where the first record left off: the sleeve of 'OMD' was based on a patchwork quilt design, with a nice down home picture on the back of the boys, their producers, and various friends on the porch of Ruedi Valley, while 'It'll Shine' has a tablecloth design with a plate on it, and in the centre of the plate is a picture - of a sweet old dear on the front cover, and a nester's shack at sunset on the back.

Both albums have rather extravagant lyric/photo inserts which further establish the group's rural heritage, and the material for the records is drawn almost exclusively from this immediate environment, its physical character, wildlife, and attitudes.

However, whereas the songs on 'OMD' have a feeling of anticipation and searching about them, of possibilities as yet unfulfilled, the songs on 'It'll Shine', with the exceptions of 'Jackie Blue' and Michael Granda's 'It Probably Always Will', radiate satisfaction and optimism. On the first album, Larry Lee was writing:

"Now I'm lookin' out my house,  
And what I see doesn't please me..."

While on 'It'll Shine', he's in a completely different frame of mind:

"I've been sitting today looking out  
over my land,  
A home of my own, I'm so lucky  
for all that I have..."

The atmosphere of the album is finally summed up by the title track, (although it would be unfair to suggest that it encapsulates the Ozarks' entire ethos), which beautifully catches the mood of a lifestyle that is increasingly hard to create:

"It'll shine when it shines  
You might think I'm wasting time  
But I'm just a good old boy  
That's learned to wait..."

It's great stuff, especially when Nick de Caro's accordion comes tiptoeing in midway through, and guaranteed to tug at the heartstrings of Bucks County hillbillies such as Frame and my good self, though it will probably leave Groundhogs aficionados unmoved.

Despite the group's reluctance to do any six month, coast to coast, speedway track/baseball stadium tour to help promote the album, the single release of Larry's 'Jackie Blue' - a rare dope reference - was a great big number one smash in the U.S. of A., and very nearly cracked it over here too, but unhappily, that success has not helped the group as much in the long term as one might have expected:

"Strangely enough, most of the people in the States were not aware that 'Jackie Blue' was one of our

songs - we found out just before we left that A&M's main distributor in the Midwest did not know that it was ours. If we'd done the deal of playing on the TV rock shows when 'Jackie Blue' came out, it might have made a little bit of difference, and if there's any mistake we've made, it was not exposing ourselves more at that time, either by TV or touring".

The most obvious consequence of this tactical miscalculation, was that the album did not go shooting up the charts in the wake of the single, as is nearly always the case these days, and so the Ozarks missed a golden opportunity of establishing themselves as a major attraction, and it's ground they've failed to make up since, as subsequent singles haven't happened, and the third album has been their least successful yet, in terms of sales. Moreover, in the throes of mixing and programming 'It'll Shine', the group unfortunately lost the assistance of Glyn Johns, who, one imagines, must have played a major role in helping such a new group to come up with a brace of albums of such maturity and discipline:

"Glyn has more or less fallen out with us, and I think it's been mainly because of the turmoil we've gone through, deciding what material will eventually end up on the record. We have a unique problem, because most groups are always looking for material, and wondering how they are going to keep it up, whereas we always have an excess. Each time we record, we have some fairly nice out-takes, and it must have been frustrating for Glyn working with us, because there's always so many people around us - our friends, our management, and ourselves - that have different favourites among the tunes, so it's been difficult from the producer's point of view to keep everybody satisfied, plus keep his own head, and make the album make sense".

So the third record, 'THE CAR OVER THE LAKE ALBUM' (AMLH 64549) - the title comes from the mildly amusing cover, which the group first saw as a poster for a gig in Lawrence, Kansas - was recorded last year in Nashville with David Anderle as sole occupant of the producer's seat, and for whatever reasons, although it is a pleasant record, it doesn't have the sparkle and coherence which make the first two such a joy. There's a greater percentage of rocking numbers, which I don't think is really the group's forte, and the material as a whole is a bit unexceptional, though Steve Cash's brief, lilting 'Cobblestone Mountain' is a delight.

"There's an awful lot of different directions and music on there - there's straight rock'n'roll, maybe a jazz type thing, even R&B, and that's because apart from Larry who has a style that he stays in without varying too much, the rest of us will write different kinds of songs. By the third album we had a chance to put more of our obscure or experimental type material down, which I think worked in some cases and not in others. 'Thin Ice', for

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example, I really don't think should have been put on, but several of the guys, including the producer, thought that it should. I didn't like the performance too well, and I don't think Buddy did, but everybody liked the song, which was more or less an experiment by Steve and myself. We don't just sit down and write country tunes, and the lyrics are not all about our environment either - they're all-encompassing, especially now".

Whether this latter trend is a good thing or not is something that time and personal opinion will decide but I must say I feel that 'Car Over The Lake', apart from its relative deficiencies in the composition and arrangement departments, suffers from a severe diffusion of mood, whereas the opposite was among the great strengths of the previous offerings. Presumably the amount of touring and travelling they've done has broadened the group's horizons considerably, and therefore the potential scope of their song-writing, but I'm not moved by songs about charging round South America, and I should think that applies to most people. The group is expanded for a lot of the album and on tour, by the way, with the addition of an old friend called Bill Jones, who adds various woodwinds and horns (not as detrimentally as it may sound), and keyboards, but comes close to ruining Larry's 'Mr. Powell' with a messy vocal arrangement.

If you possess an American copy of this album, incidentally, you are also the proud owner of a little red plastic EP, which the Daredevils included to help compensate for what they felt to be the lack of their rural humour on the actual LP. This consists of a brief piece of vocal nonsense called 'Establish Yourself', and two full length songs of a roughly-recorded, very light hearted nature, called 'Time Warp' and 'Journey To The Center Of Your Heart', which I find rather appealing, though my kid brother hates them... stupid boy!

"Those are two out-takes from 'It'll Shine'. The main reason we put

those on was because we felt there was a humour element lacking in the running order of 'Car Over The Lake'. We felt like the second side was too weighty, and that if we could have the insert, it would balance the record. We had come to a deadlock between 'Southern Cross', 'Whippoorwill', and the two on the EP, and it wasn't physically possible to put them all on the LP, so Stan Plesser's ten year old boy came up with the idea of the insert. The record company objected at first, I don't know why, so we decided that if we couldn't have the EP, we didn't even want the album to go out".

As I said before, the album hasn't sold that well, compared with the others, and from talking to the group, it's apparent that they can foresee a leaner period coming up, which might force them out of their rural shells a bit. Not that their image of homeloving boys more interested in farming than playing is strictly accurate:

"Steve owns his own place, he's got about five acres, but most of us are still renting places - it's fairly easy to find old farms with land around for a reasonable rent, which is great, but nobody does any actual farming at all, though most of us raise a good vegetable garden. People think we do a lot of farming, but to do that you've got to be at home all the time, working all day, and when we're at home, that's not what we do - we go riding, or practise, or whatever".

So does it annoy them that the public probably have an idea of them as straw-chewing yokels, who only shift from the old front porch rocking-chair when the firewater bottle runs dry?

"Well, it's a fairly accurate description; especially if you see the concerts, it's fairly laid back, and there isn't a big drive to be successful. As far as the lifestyle is concerned, I think it's hurt us in that it takes away energy as far as getting out and working goes, but it has helped everybody to write material. Although it's not necessary for everybody to be in the country to write good material, it

definitely helps us. We've just been lucky to be able to keep that lifestyle, and to have enough success so that we don't really have to work that hard. Whether that will stay constant, I don't know. I have a feeling that it may get a little harder as time goes along. I'm sure the record company would like to see us working harder on the road, but at the same time we have had enough success so that we've paid for our albums, and we aren't in debt to the company".

What does seem to worry the group more about their image is that it limits people's expectations of them.

"I realise that you have to specialise, and that a group does have to establish an identity, but in our case it's unfair, because we really have not tried to specialise in being a country rock band. I can see how that conclusion has been drawn from our records, and the reason it's ended up that way is because it's easier for us to play that kind of music - which is changing now I think. Unfortunately, I feel we're stacked up against people who specialise in that, like Poco, or the Burritos, or even the Eagles. If we were specialists in country rock it wouldn't bother us so much, but we're not".

So it looks like the Ozark Mountain Daredevils have a few problems on their plate now, instead of old ladies and log cabins - their situation vis-a-vis live work is difficult, both because the group themselves vary in their enthusiasm to it, and because they're caught in an awkward vacuum between big headline acts, and the newer support acts, and their last record suggests that some of their new directions might be leading them up a blind alley - but for their sakes, and mine (because their music has given me a lot of pleasure), I hope that things work out, and that the new album, due to be recorded soon, probably in LA, will be an absolute rip-snorter, bursting at the seams with hit singles. If it isn't, well, they're good old boys who've learned to wait, and so am I.

Paul Kendall

**Which Continentally renowned group, based in Holland, have been going for ten years, have released albums on Decca, Harvest, and Rocket, provided material for Focus, and are bent on gaining momentum in Britain? Our resident double-Dutchman, John Tobler, offers the Solution**



Now I'd better make one thing perfectly clear before we go much further, and that is that I'm no expert on the music we love if it emanates from anywhere other than North America or the British Isles, and in fact quite a lot of people would undoubtedly argue about whether I'm an expert on the countries I've mentioned. So what follows does not bear any trademark of depth, a quality which has either appalled or delighted in the past, depending upon your point of view. With regard to music emanating from Holland, I have to confess that until recently the only records which would ever hit my turntable were three tracks by Focus, the quite wonderful 'Sylvia', which I will defend to the death as being one of the most melodic pieces of

rock it has ever been my delight to hear, the fascinatingly accurately titled 'Hocus Pocus', where the yodelling Thijs Van Leer cowboy is shot from his horse several times by the intercontinental ballistic missiles issuing from Jan Akkerman's extremely rude guitar, and the slightly less well known 'Tommy', no relation to anyone short of a sense or three, and bearing a vague family relationship to a delight of my youth, the 1970s, a track called 'House Of Dreams', or en Français, which is what it originally came in, 'Manoir De Mes Reves', par l'homme avec les missing fingers, Django Reinhardt. Apart from those three, I have long cherished the desire to see 'Goodbye Guitar Man', by one Cherrie Vangelder Smith, which was

released here on Atlantic in 1973, hit the top of the charts where it belongs. Having said that I assume it's of Dutch origin, I will presumably be inundated with letters telling me that it's an alias for Lulu or someone similar.

Anyway, the only other track that interested me from that area of the world was by a group called Brainbox. My interest was initially in the fact that it appeared on the Elektra label, in which, as regular readers may have noticed, I appear to have an almost unnatural interest. I can't find it at the moment, as my singles are in a state of disrepute, (Of what, John? -Ed.), so we'll have to manage without the title, but among the players on it are Jan Akkerman, a



## ZIGZAG BACK ISSUES THE SCRAMBLE IS ON!!!

As well as those back numbers detailed in last month's issue, we are now able to offer copies of number 26 (due to a cache having been discovered in a printer's warehouse in Bristol). No 26 contains articles on Joe Cocker, Elton John, Hawkwind, Man, Brewers Droop, Greenwich Village, Dan Hicks, the Chariotans, and features a San Francisco family tree. Like all other back issues (please check last month's issue for availability), it is available for only 30p including p&p. Make cheques or postal orders out to ZIGZAG.....do it today!

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fellow named Casimir Lux, who was the leader of the group, and Tom Barlage.

Tom Barlage is now in Solution, a rather good Dutch band whom you may have seen recently on the Whistle Test (note lack of cheap jokes on a subject which seems to beg for them).

Not only that, but two gentlemen whose musical tastes I respect, Gus Dudgeon, who I'm sure you know is responsible for the magnificent production jobs on Elton John, and David Sandison, with whom I used to work, have both been involved in producing the band at various times, and I'm positive that they wouldn't have shown such an interest if they didn't genuinely believe that the band were something special.

So what follows is a chapter from the history of Solution, celebrating ten years together this year. The members of the band are Tom Barlage who plays a large number of instruments, but principally sax and flute, Guus Willemsse (guitar, bass and vocals), Willem Ennes (keyboards), and Hans Waterman (drums). It would be fair to say that neither Guus nor Willem have played with any other band that you might have heard of, unless of course, you're from the Benelux countries, but Hans is vastly experienced, having done a stint with Cuby and the Blizzards, who I've never heard, but I have heard of, and also played a while ago on a tour with Van Morrison, which is a reflected glory I am able to appreciate.

Tom Barlage wasn't actually a member of Brainbox, it transpired. 'I was doing session work for them on their first or second LP, playing flute. They wanted me to join them, but at the time I was studying, and I didn't really want to'. Another 'name' in Brainbox was Pierre Van Der Linden, later with Focus, and before we put them to bed, let's allow Guus the final word on them. 'I think Brainbox could have been very successful, but for some reason, it just didn't happen. They were a very good group indeed.'

Then there followed a brief discussion on the early days of Solution. In fact it was originally Soultion, a name appropriate to the kind of music the group were playing at the time, which apparently roughly approximated to the better days of Blood, Sweat and Tears. They didn't record at that point, which is probably just as well, and sometime around 1970, decided to try to make their own kind of music. I think it's fair to say that just post Woodstock was the time that a great many musicians decided to break what they hoped would be fresh ground, and this applied particularly to the Dutch, Danish and German musicians about whom we are now comparatively well-informed, if we want to be. Solution feel that their decision to branch out was due to 'personal development', although I wouldn't like to hazard a guess about whether this involved the size of their biceps...

Holland still seems to have a system of National Service (translation for Americans: the Draft), and apparently at least three of the band have been involved, necessitating their temporary withdrawal from the band. This was the case when Solution finally got down to making their first album, almost inevitably titled 'Solution',

which was made for the Catfish label, presumably a kind of local equivalent of Harvest, but certainly a subsidiary of Bovema, which is EMI Holland. Guus wasn't around, and one Peter Van der Sande occupied the bass and vocal seat. Interestingly, the record was co-produced by a fellow named Joop Visser, who at that stage was working for Bovema, later came to London to be head of A&R for EMI here, and is now managing director of Charly, the label that has recently brought you the wonder of Hank Mizell, but more importantly is responsible for the release of some very rare and very wonderful Jerry Lee Lewis Sun tracks which I've never heard before (a shameful admission for a fan).

Shortly after the album was released in Holland, Visser took up his English appointment with EMI, which I suppose must have seemed pretty useful in terms of getting an English release for the record... 'We thought so, yes. We thought we might have had the album released here whether or not Joop was here. But I don't think he felt he could push us too much, with him being Dutch as well as us. He knew the situation, but he didn't want to commit himself too much'. So the record wasn't released? 'Yes, it was, on Decca. EMI turned it down, and Decca picked up on it'.

Now I'm not an A&R man, although a chance at the right price would be a fine thing, but I can quite honestly say that I'm well in the EMI camp as far as the first album goes. It seems somewhat interminable, five long tracks with little action, and it's not a patch on what was to come, which was another album for Bovema at first, this time with the personnel as it currently stands, but with a two year gap until 1973. The album was called 'Divergence', and came out here on Harvest, undoubtedly demonstrating certain improvements, but not yet quite cutting the mustard for me. The title track is certainly the most interesting thing about it, and it is also the basis of an interesting story.

The track, which is very closely related to something already mentioned, as will become clear, was heard by Thijs Van Leer, on the hunt for material for the then very hot Focus, who asked Tom Barlage, who had written the main theme of the song, if he could use it for Focus. Solution had been playing it for a year or so prior to the number being recorded, and Van Leer was quite impressed, sufficiently so to informally ask for it, to which the answer was 'Of course, my pleasure'. But I heard the story that Focus didn't give you any composer credit when they released it, calling it 'Tommy', (after Barlage, and one of those three Focus tracks that I like.)

'Thijs certainly credited me, and my rights on the number have been preserved, and I signed a contract with a publisher for the song. This year, some of the money for that song should come in, but I can't control it. I didn't make much money from it but it's not Thijs' fault, it's the fault of the misty business of music publishing. When I knew they were going to call their version 'Tommy', I went to the publishers and claimed the rights for both 'Tommy' and 'Diverg-

ence', and they agreed. Thijs and Jan did everything properly - they really didn't want to rip me off'.

So the coda to that story is that on one of the Polydor Rock Flashback series, you can find 'Tommy' credited to Van Leer, Barlache (a misspelling), someone called Nobel, after whom they should name a prize, Akkerman, and Van Der Linden, a track recorded, I might add, in 1972. Moral: make sure you'd allow your daughter to marry a music publisher, because 'Tommy' was a big hit in several countries throughout the world, and must have made somebody quite a few quid. And this is where David Sandison comes into the story, for the next recording item on the agenda was a remake of 'Divergence' for issue as a single, but this time made in England with D.S. driving. It's actually very good, and there seems no logical reason why it wasn't a hit in that curious instrumental pocket which goes from the banal ('Eye Level') to the truly excellent ('Sylvia'). Perhaps the fact that 'Tommy' had been previously available was something to do with it, but anyway it went to the great vinyl vats in the sky.

Since that time, which was 1973, times have veered for Solution between good and bad. 'We've been through difficult times in Holland in terms of getting work, management and so on, so we really slowed down the whole thing, and tried to let it all develop naturally. The contract with Bovema/EMI was about to lapse, and then we were introduced to Rocket. We sent them a tape which Gus Dudgeon heard, and as soon as he had the time, he came over to Holland to hear us, which rather pleased us!'

Did you choose Rocket before any other companies? 'We were aware of the situation with most companies which have many groups, and you just become a number at the bottom of the list. I wouldn't like to blame the companies for that, because they are right from their point of view. EMI obviously earn more from Beatles albums than Solution albums. But Rocket is small and rather powerful, so that you get personal attention from them, together with the fact that Gus Dudgeon is marvellous, both as a producer and a person'.

Certainly the evidence as displayed on 'Cordon Bleu', the group's first Rocket album, supports the contention that group and producer got on well. The playing of all the members but with particular reference to Barlage, has an attack about it that was all too painfully absent from the vast majority of their previous recorded work, and a direction has been injected to the effect that each song goes on only as long as it continues to be interesting. Perhaps the fact that the album was made at Rockfield, and rather more time was taken than the three days from start to finish that the first album was granted have something to do with it, but a very significant improvement has occurred within Solution, which bodes well for the future in general, and for the increase in admiration of Dutch records in my collection in particular. Gus Dudgeon rools OK.

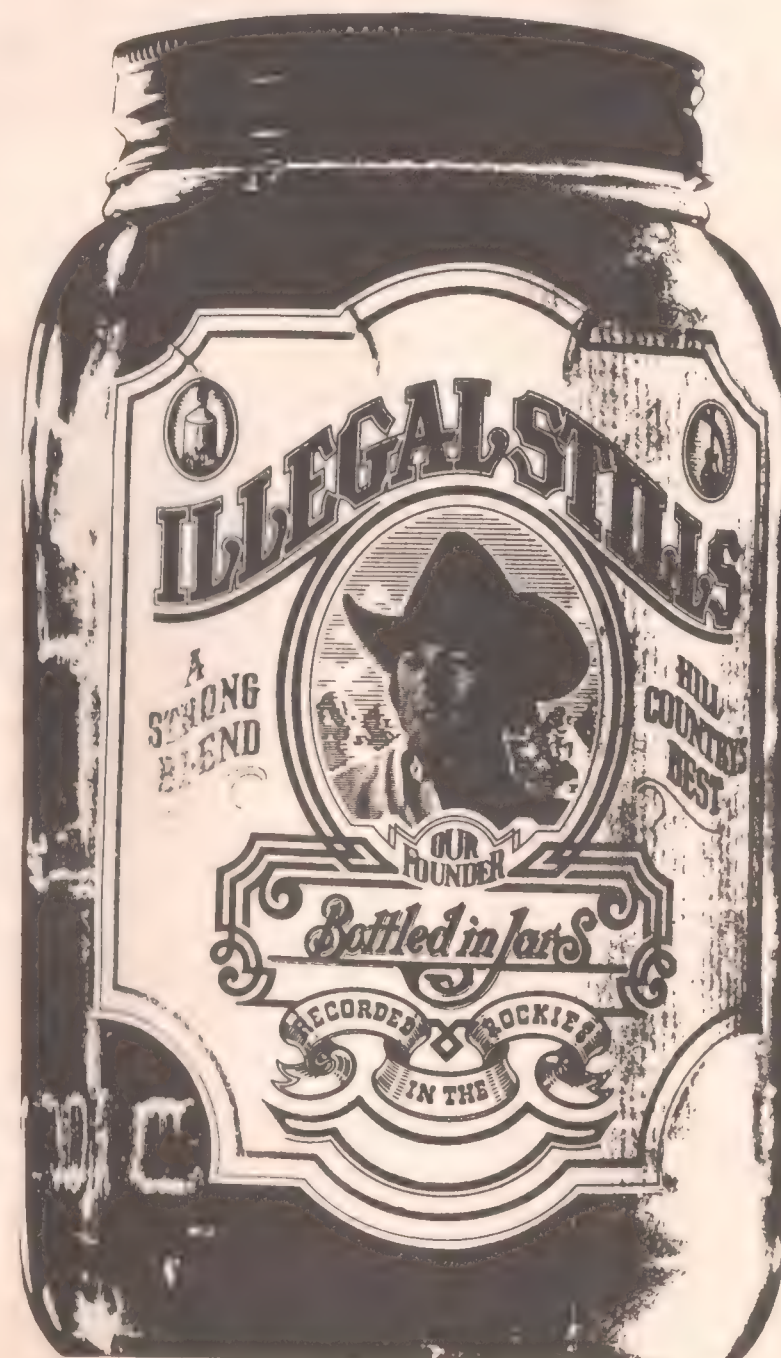
John 'A pox upon the English language' Tobler

# 100% PROOF!

In his last album 'Stills', Stephen Stills confirmed his status as a legend in contemporary music. His new album 'Illegal Stills' is pure Stills. Full of changing moods and original self-penned songs - plus a couple of older favourites that couldn't be left out. If you've a taste for the real thing... bottled in jars and recorded in the Rockies... this one you'll want to savour to the last precious drop.

STEPHEN STILLS' NEW ALBUM 'ILLEGAL STILLS'  
CBS 81330

CBS  
Records & Tapes





'Go For Broke!  
IAN MATTHEWS  
CBS 81316

I've always had a strong affection for Ian Matthews' music since the Fairports, and just like a lot of other people, I suppose, I've wondered just what it was that has kept him always just below his rightful place among the truly great. He hasn't had the most successful of relationships with any of the record companies he's been signed to, with the possible exception of his early days with Elektra, which produced the two Plainsong albums and 'Valley Hill', his collaboration with Michael Nesmith, and all that finished when Jac Holzman flew away to the relative peace of Hawaii, leaving several artists, not the least of them Ian, in a limbo from which they were not to emerge until they found a new label.

So now he's got the new label, and I have a distinct suspicion that this record will be the one which finally does it for him. The ten tracks are evenly divided into five originals and five remakes of the songs of others. For the sake of familiarity, let's deal with the latter first, although it's fair to say at this point that these particular tracks, despite the fact that I'm very fond of each one of the songs, are the lesser part of the album. For example, how can you better Van Morrison's own 'Brown Eyed Girl'? Answer, you can't, and the same is more or less true of 'Darkness, Darkness' (the Youngbloods), 'Groovin'' (the Young Rascals), 'A Fool Like You' (Tim Moore), although Ian does his version at least as well as Tim, and the slightly older 'Just One Look' (Doris Troy and later the Hollies).

What the object of these inclusions appears to be is to gain the confidence of the media, and thereafter the record buyer, by providing familiar titles. Following on it is presumably hoped that the originals, which are interleaved with those already mentioned, will be played, after which their true worth will be noted and recognised. If that's what's really intended, it's not such a bad plan, except for those of us who don't need convincing in the first place. What we want, if Ian is writing songs of the quality of especially 'Rhythm Of The West', 'Steamboat' and 'I'll Be Gone', is a whole album of Ian's compositions, because they are exceptionally good, and certainly better to my ears than anything he's come out with before, give or take an odd track here and there. The consistency demonstrated augurs very well for the next Ian Matthews album, and by the time that's released, perhaps the man will really have achieved the stardom he deserves.

A final note of trivia - this album had two titles before the one which now decorates it, but they were dropped for various reasons. The first was 'A Legend In His Own

Mind', which I think amply demonstrates Ian's frustration at the continual erosion of his best laid plans, and the second 'Gopher Broke', the significance of which, I regret, eludes me momentarily. What a good album to renew your subscription with!

John Tobler



'Wilhelm'  
MICHAEL WILHELM  
Zigzag Records UA ZZ1

Well, whad'ya know? A Zigzag record label... and about bloody time too! Excitement, excitement, excitement! After months of selfless toil, United Artists/Zigzag A&R maestro Andrew Lauder has managed to secure world rights to this never previously released historic document.

As you read this, it will be exactly (to the day if you read it on June 21st) eleven years since the Charlatans stepped onstage, loaded to the gills, to make their debut and to play out their weirdness before the local freaks and bewildered tourists at the Red Dog Saloon, in Virginia City, Nevada... a colourful episode detailed in Zigzag 26, which is now obtainable from the back issue dept once more.

The Charlatans, San Francisco's first rock band, like many pioneers and trailblazers, got themselves lost in the forests somewhere along the way - but their name lives on in the hearts of perverted and romantic buffoons such as we. Leader George Hunter went on to become a graphic artist of some renown, drummer Dan Hicks formed his own group and has since become a self-styled 'bar fixture', bassist Richard Olsen managed Pacific High recording studio (and can tell the most fascinating stories of how he was kept awake all night by Dino Valenti mixing Quicksilver stuff over and over and over again... 'wo-o-o-o... whatcha gonna do about me-e-e-e!'), pianist Michael Ferguson opened an antiques and curios shop, and guitarist/vocalist Mike Wilhelm played on... both as a solo folkie, and with a San Francisco band called Loose Gravel.

During free hours at Pacific High, Wilhelm and Olsen put this album together - available now for the first time.

A must, obviously, for all hardcore Zigzaggers. This guy is steeped in San Francisco rock tradition, and it flows through each of the eleven tracks, which I am now going hastily to nutshell:

'Junco Partner'. A great old hit made popular amongst cognoscenti of early drug epics by the Holy Modal Rounders - not to mention the fact that a halfway decent Newcastle blues band took their name from the

song. Wilhelm's is a great bendy swirler of a version, backed (as on most tracks) by Loose Gravel's rhythm section.

'Make Me A Pallet On Your Floor'. A folk staple with great rolling piano, saxes, clarinets, slide guitars and tap dancing too. (No expense spared)

'Going to Canada'. This is nearer the sound of the unreleased Charlatans Kama Sutra album - chuckety rhythm and twelve string texture... just right for Wilhelm's guttural Barry McGuire type delivery. A draft dodger song in the vein of the magnificent 'Streets Of Montreal' by Randy Burns.

'Styrofoam', a chorder and slider in the Willie & the Hand Jive/Bo Diddley/F lamin Groovies slam. This was Loose Gravel's unsuccessful single bid.

'Black Mountain'. A blues such as Captain Beefheart was playing in 1966. (I tell you - Wilhelm played one of the best guitar solos I've ever heard on 'Codeine' by the Charlatans. There's no such stunning virtuosity here - but it's all good, solid stuff).

'Me and My Uncle'. A pre-Mamas & Papas John Phillips song (also done up by Dino Valenti and the Grateful Dead). This has to be my fave track; a cracking cowboy saga, with dynamite sound effects and sizzling fiddling by Sid Page of Hot Licks fame. Horses, wagons, poker, saloon noise, bar piano, gun shots, bottles breaking... love it. No honour among thieves.

Side two (he says, realising he's rambling on a bit) is basically raunchy, jangly blues - and I'll leave you to write your own notes about the tracks.

Turned down by vinyl moguls from here to kingdom come, this fine album finally reaches the world bearing the Zigzag label... and remember this: the only place on earth that you can buy this record is right here in these pages. (But to ensure speedy delivery, we've used the services of a mail order specialist - see the advert). It CANNOT be bought in shops... so it's no use going down to Boots' record counter.

Okay - have I said it all? If you want to get plugged into the Charlatans, you need this slab of hot wax. If you want to get plugged into Cockney Rebel, then you probably don't. You aren't about to have your mind blown apart by cosmic wizardry, but you are going to get your sticky paws on a solid gold collector's item/limited edition/slice of rock history/rip snorter album. I mean, the San Francisco Sound sprang right out of this geezer.

My only serious criticism is the sleeve note - written by some ignorant twot who obviously hasn't a clue about music - but other than that, it's worth every plugged nickel.

And this is only the start! If successful, who knows what avalanche of goodies it may precipitate? Step aside Decca - you've got a hellhound on your trail. The Zigzag label has ARRIVED! Mac

# ALL THE WAY FROM THE RED DOG SALOON



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Remarkably, this album will set you back no more than TWO QUID... including postage! Orders are being dealt with by a mail order specialist firm, and copies of the album will NOT be available from shops or any other source. OK? So, please send your cheque or postal order for £2.00, made out to C.E.C.Ltd., of 60 Adams Street, Birmingham B74AG.

NB: For financial reasons, the pamphlet referred to in the sleeve note has not been included, but the full Wilhelm story is in ZZ26, now available from the back issue dept. for 30p including postage and packaging.





'The Royal Scam'  
STEELY DAN  
ABC ABCL 5161

The cruiser and his crony out for a last fling? No way. This is Becker and Fagen back on the form that made them, for me, the most exciting exponents of the rock idiom to emerge in the 70s. For those whose fears at the departure of the Skunk and bronze god Jim Hodder were exacerbated by the slickness and apparently wilful obscurity of 'Katy Lied', this is a complete reassurance; for those (like our friend across the page) who saw future potential in the new format, 'The Royal Scam' is a majestic fulfilment of that potential.

In reality, the new Steely Dan is even less of a group than the one which made 'Katy Lied', since drummer Jeff Porcaro has departed from the fold, so the situation has finally got round to being Becker and Fagen with a variety of super sessioneers, familiar from previous albums, but 'The Royal Scam' packs more unified musical punch than any Dan record since 'Countdown To Ecstasy'.

It is also more human and more accessible than anything they've ever done. With the exception of the largely instrumental, near-throwaway 'The Fez' at the end of side one, there's little of the in-jokiness, cynicism and unfathomable obliqueness that has characterised the other albums, especially 'Katy Lied', and in its place, Becker and Fagen seem to have acquired what almost amounts to a social conscience. Certainly, 'The Royal Scam' suggests more genuine concern and sympathy for the human condition than I had ever thought likely.

The cover depicts a derelict, crashed out on what looks like a marble slab at a Roman baths, while from the tops of the skyscrapers that loom crazily above him, the animal gods of some lost civilisations laugh mockingly down at him, and several of the tracks on the album seem to deal, both individually and collectively with the 'fallen kings' of once proud races, now cheapened and exploited in American society. 'The Caves Of Altamira' adopts an almost Von Danikenesque stance (though I hesitate to denigrate the Dan with such comparisons), as it hints at

the knowledge of such civilisations, now lost.

I hasten to add, however, that these ideas are largely incorporated into the standard Dan scenario of crime, violence and neuroses in urban America. The opening track, 'Kid Charlemagne', for example, blends these elements in the story of a negro boxing champion who gets into heavy dope, and falls back into poverty and obscurity. 'The man is wise... You are still an outlaw in their eyes' goes the final line - shades of Sonny Liston.

The other particularly heavy track is the title song, which Richard Williams has already explained in the letter page of the NME. Anyway, for those of you who missed his epistolary gem, through some sad mischance, the number concerns the plight of Puerto Rican immigrants in New York, and the Royal Scam refers to the Welfare system that enables them to 'babble in the back room all night and waste the time'.

The rest of the album veers more towards the light-hearted than the tragic. In the more traditional Dan style, but I feel sure that the placing of these particular tracks at either end of the album is a significant indication of the mood in which it was made. However, the middle songs on the second side, 'Haitian Divorce' and 'Everything You Did', are among the most good-humouredly witty vignettes that Becker and Fagen have concocted thus far. 'Haitian Divorce' is the story of a marital break-up and the subsequent infidelity of the wife, while 'Everything You Did' is almost a sequel, as Fagen takes the role of an irate husband, bawling out his unfaithful partner. 'Turn up the Eagles... The neighbours are listening' rank among the most brilliantly sad/funny lines I've ever heard.

Apart from the lyrical and thematic strengths of the album, which to my mind make it their most moving work since 'Can't Buy A Thrill', 'The Royal Scam' also sees Steely Dan, all twenty four of them, making music of real inventiveness and bite. The horns on 'The Caves Of Altamira', the guitars on 'Haitian Divorce', and the intro to the title track are the instrumental highlights on what is generally a very dense, integrated production, but the real power, especially after the lack of melodic distinction on much of 'Katy Lied', is in the basic compositions. With the exception of 'The Fez', I love every one, and the fact that it took a dozen or more plays to come to that conclusion suggests that I won't be changing my mind.

If you like the group, then you'll already be playing this album to death, and if you don't, then I suggest you run and see an ear specialist, because something is radically wrong. The titanic Steely Dan continue to tread heavily.

Paul Kendall



'A Little Bit More'  
DR. HOOK  
Capitol E-ST 23975

Another Dr. Hook extravaganza. Another album full of stoned, croaking vocals, infectious giggling, and jokes about dope and sex, right? Wrong. If this new record is any indication, then Dr. Hook have forsaken their outrageousness and irreverence for a more serious outlook on life. The drunken lewdness that characterized some of the memorable parts of previous albums hardly gets a look in here, and instead the romantic, more genuinely sentimental side of the band takes over. The result is a slightly uncharacteristic, but nevertheless superb album, which I would make so bold as to suggest will make a distinct impression on the American and maybe even British album charts.

The reasons for this change in stance revolve around Dennis Locorriere, whose own solo album this was originally meant to be. Dennis is the ballad singer in the band, as opposed to Ray Sawyer, George Cummings, and Rick Elswitt, who specialise in delivering rasping vocals of a dubious morality, while trying very hard to stand up straight. Naturally, then, Dennis plays a large part in the album, both as a singer and a songwriter, with the rest of the band taking a back-seat role for most of the time, and emerging prominently only on 'Up On The Mountain', 'Jungle To The Zoo', and 'Bad Eye Bill'. Accordingly, these are the only numbers that resemble the Dr. Hook of 'I Got Stoned And I Missed It' and 'Everybody's Making It Big But Me' and they are humorous rather than hilarious.

The meat of the album is composed of ballads and love songs like 'If Not You', 'More Like The Movies', 'A Little Bit More', and 'A Couple More Years'. They are all really beautiful songs, delicately arranged, and delivered in a most convincing manner. The standard of musicianship is, as on previous LPs, tastefully faultless, and Dennis stands out more clearly than ever as a marvellous singer, his voice possessing the tension and pathos that only the best ballad singers have. And for once I'm convinced that he means every word he's singing... the difference in feeling between 'Sylvia's Mother' and 'If Not You', for instance, is fairly dramatic.

But every track deserves the fullest attention (which I'm sure you'll give them when you procure a copy yourself)

# LIP SMACKING GOOD

The first in a series where readers review the albums of their choice.

'Katy Lied'  
STEELY DAN  
ABC ABCL 5095

I'm not sure what it is. Maybe critics develop a reflex mechanism that renders them incapable of giving a successful band more than three good album reviews in succession. Maybe they become afraid of losing their objectivity. Anyway, for whatever reason, this superb record was dismissed by virtually every critic when it came out.

Despite the breakup of the original working unit, Becker, Fagen, Dias, Hodder, and Baxter, Steely Dan successfully create a consistent musical and lyrical landscape on the record: Working as Becker/Fagen plus sessionmen, they manage to achieve more of a group sound than the group itself did on 'Pretzel Logic'. 'Pretzel Logic' was much praised, but I find it a bit directionless. 'Katy Lied' is a return to form.

The consistency of 'Katy Lied' makes the record seem featureless at first. This possibly accounts for its indifferent reception at time of release. However, after several plays, it becomes a strength, the weaker songs gaining strength when heard in the context of the record as a whole.

'Katy Lied' is by no means a concept album, but the songs do seem to be linked in mood. The songs are about despair and paranoia in the city ('Daddy Don't Live In That New York City', 'Your Gold Teeth II', 'Chain Lightning'), ways of escape ('Rose Darling', 'Doctor Wu', 'Any World'), and the

danger of losing yourself through trying to escape ('Throw Back The Little Ones').

'Black Friday' is not a particularly strong opener, but it sets the mood well with its portrait of a cynical opportunist making good in a disastrous situation. Donald Fagen seems to be enjoying himself sending up his Jewishness.

Often the music and lyrics look together perfectly. The chorus of 'Bad Sneakers' is a case in point. The bleak lyric is grafted onto a joyful tune, and the resulting tension is alarming. As Fagen sings 'I'm so alone... Honey when they gonna send me home', you can almost see tears of joy in his eyes. The cheerful, carefree whistling at the end of Otis Redding's 'Dock Of The Bay' has the same effect.

'Rose Darling' is a perfect example of how craftsmanship and objectivity can walk hand in hand with passion and human feeling. The moving lyrics ('All these empty words of love can never screen the flash I feel') are sung over a restless, urgent musical backing, yet without any loss of humour: 'Snake Mary... (presumably the lover's flatmate)... dreams along. I would guess she's in Detroit, with lots of money in the bank...'

'Daddy Don't Live In That New York City' is about an alcoholic sugar-daddy. The lyrics are detached reportage and so avoid sounding self-righteous. The greasy, funk/soul backing enhances the atmosphere of urban sleaze.

The person in 'Any World' dreams of leaving work and 'riding the train

into the misty nighttime'. At the end of the journey, he hopes to discover a world where he truly belongs. The man in 'Throw Back The Little Ones' has even given up dreams of belonging: 'I dance in place, and paint my face, and act like I belong here'. The music of the two pieces underlines the contrast between the two attitudes; the former is romantic and wistful, the latter is harsh and signs off sarcastically with a pseudo-Bach figure.

The best track is 'Doctor Wu', a surrealistic fable with a tight internal logic of its own that is difficult to analyse, yet easy to understand. The song seems to be about escape through drugs; there is a William Burroughs/Carlos Casteneda 'feel' to the lyrics. Although the singer is still a loser at the end of the song, his voice and the tune are so ecstatic that it's clear he isn't worried: the experience has left him a richer person.

Contrary to the reviews that it received when released, 'Katy Lied' shows Steely Dan as being more committed than before. There's less smug giggling and embarrassing smart-arse exuberance (e.g. the sleeve notes to 'Can't Buy A Thrill'). If, as it appears, the breakup of the original band has allowed Becker and Fagen to clarify and strengthen their creative standpoint, their fifth record should be even better than this one.

Alan Sussams

If you fancy yourself as a budding journalist, why not have a bash? Send in your review of any album which moves you - we guarantee to read 'em all, and publish the ones we like.

and nearly all of them have the potential to become hit singles... which brings us conveniently on to 'Only Sixteen', Dr. Hook's current hit single in America taken from 'Bankrupt', which is also curiously included here. However, my copy of 'A Little Bit More' is American, and Charles Webster of Capitol Records tells me that when it comes out over here, 'Only Sixteen' will be replaced by something else. Exactly what something I neglected to ask him. Even more reason to await its release with bated breath.

Andy Childs

'Country Tracks - The Best Of'  
THE DILLARDS  
Elektra K52035

None of the Dillards seven albums are available in this country at the moment, so until Elektra get around to re-releasing 'Copperfields' and 'Wheatstraw Suite', it's good to have this compilation, lovingly put together by our very own John Tobler. (At least, it's good for some - I'm alright, I've got the albums already).

Limited to the five Elektra albums, which were sporadically released between 1963 and 1970 - 'Roots and Branches' and 'American Duck' came later on UA - John has completely discarded the unfragmentable 'Live! Almost!' and the specialist 'Pickin' and Fiddlin'', as he explains elsewhere



In this issue, leaving himself with 'Back Porch Bluegrass', and the two albums mentioned above, which are unquestionably the Dillards' finest moments.

As Dillards' albums are traditionally more notable for their quality than their length, so we get seven tracks from 'Back Porch Bluegrass', their 1963 debut album, nine from 'Wheatstraw Suite', and eight off 'Copperfields', recorded in 1968 and 1970 respectively.

Although the music comes from two such distinct periods, the Dillards always kept their strong roots, even when doing contemporary material,

which means that the tracks co-exist quite comfortably, and considering that the sequence of tracks is so crucial to the feel and flow of the original albums, especially 'Wheatstraw Suite', John has done a very tasteful job of reprogramming. The early tracks, most of them instrumental, are in a traditional bluegrass mould (not surprisingly, as the group had only recently left the backwaters of Missouri to try their luck in the big, bad world of LA), and heavily feature Doug Dillard's banjo playing, while the stuff from the later period, made after Doug's departure, is more cosmopolitan and 'commercial', using classic songs from people like Tim Hardin and Lennon/McCartney alongside the group's own, more ethnic material, and introducing the use of strings, electric instruments and more complex vocal harmonies, which are often quite breathtaking.

Complaints department: It is completely beyond my comprehension how anybody could choose nine of 'Wheatstraw Suite's thirteen tracks, and still manage to miss out 'Listen To The Sound' and 'Lemon Chimes'.

Let's not be carping, though. This is a fine, timely release, which should be gratefully snapped up by all those foolish or unlucky enough to be without the original albums. Typically informative sleeve notes, too.

Paul Kendall



# The infallible Mac Garry guide to all albums received for review

## ALBUMS OF THE MONTH

**'Wilhelm'**  
MIKE WILHELM  
Zigzag UAZZ 1 (see longer review)

**'Two Originals Off'**  
JESSE WINCHESTER  
Bearsville K 85507  
The only fools on the road tonight are the fools on the midnight bus.

## RUNNERS-UP OF THE MONTH

**'Best Off'**  
MOTT THE HOOPLE  
CBS 81225

**'Black and Blue'**  
ROLLING STONES  
COC 59106

## NEXT BEST ALBUMS OF THE MONTH

**'Firefall'**  
FIREFALL  
Atlantic K 50260  
Long awaited debut by Rick Roberts & Co. A little on the unoriginal and melancholy side, but still up to expectations.

**'Battle of the Field'**  
ALBION COUNTRY BAND  
Island HELP 25 (Sock it to 'em, Tyger)

## NOT AS GOOD (AS THEY HAVE BEEN)

**'John Mayall'**  
Polydor 2482 272  
An uninspired collection from his least interesting period.

**'The Best Off'**  
CURVED AIR  
Warner Bros K 36015  
Not as impressive as the hype which preceded their debut.

**'Greatest Stories Live'**  
HARRY HARRIS  
Elektra K 62017  
Every dog has his day - and Harry's was the single 'WOLD', which was a classic. If he ever gets near such heights again, I'll eat my hat.

## BETTER THAN MOST

**'Country Tracks'**  
THE DILLARDS  
Elektra K 52035  
Another great Tobler brainchild, cramming 50 minutes of jelly onto one album. Almost up there with his Love and Dr Hook compilations.

**'Roy Buchanan'**  
Polydor Special 2482 275

**'Yesterdays Hits Today'**  
PHIL SPECTOR  
Polydor 2307 007

**'Rare Tracks'**  
VARIOUS ARTISTS  
Polydor 2482 274  
Includes all sorts of weird stuff, mostly of curio interest only, but worth it for the Soft Machine's best-ever (and first-ever) track, 'Love Makes Sweet Music'.

**'Kingfish'**  
Round Records UAS 29922

**'Pistol Packin' Mama'**  
THE GOOD OLD BOYS  
Round Records RX LA 597 G  
Round Records' artists roster is even more cliquy and incestuous than the population of Drayton Parslow, but some of their output pleases me (for which they are no doubt very thankful). This is tinkling stuff, suitable for use as background music while eating.

**'The Don Harrison Band'**  
Atlantic K 50263

**'The Best Off'**  
LORRAINE ELLISON  
Warner Bros K 56230

## ALBUMS WHICH DO NOTHING FOR ME

**'On My Way To Where'**  
DORY PREVIN Sunset SLS 50385

**'Just For The Record'**  
RAY STEVENS Warner Bros K 56210

**'O My Love'**  
THIS VAN LEER Phillips 6303 143

**'Rastaman Vibration'**  
BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS  
Island ILPS 9383  
Can't bear reggae. Other than the odd 45, I haven't been remotely interested in black music since Little Richard and Fats Domino lost it at the turn of the Sixties. Unless you happen to be a Jamaican teenager with a history of crime, I can't imagine why you should be attracted to this kind of stuff. In fact, I'd be most interested to hear readers' explanations. (Send 'em in with the polls).

## JUDGEMENT RESERVED PENDING MORE CAREFUL CONSIDERATION

**'All American Alien Boy'**  
IAN HUNTER CBS 81310

**'Too Old to Rock n Roll'**  
IAN ANDERSON & GROUP Chrysalis

**'Any Road Up'**  
STEVE GIBBONS BAND  
Polydor 2383 381

## WORST SLEEVE OF THE YEAR

**'Turn, Turn, Turn'**  
THE BYRDS  
Embassy EMB 31257

Now I've seen some weird things come out of the CBS art department. I've seen the sleeve of Dr. Hook's 'Ballad Of Lucy Jordan', (an assortment of surgical equipment... Doctor Hook... get it?); I've seen that well-over-the-top Escher affair which decorated Ian Hunter's first album... but the sleeve of this re-issue plumbs new depths of the ridiculous... and the genius who master-minded this monstrosity actually has the bare-faced gall to include her name on the credits! If I had anything to do with it, she'd be back on the tea-trolley tomorrow. Today.

A total disregard for detail, taste, art, reverence, relevance... ugh! The drawing of a hummingbird, the silhouette of an eagle, and a grainy photo of THE WRONG LINE-UP. Not slightly wrong, but YEARS wrong. I'd be interested to hear how the CBS bigwigs can possibly justify this appalling mockery.

## MORE OF THE SAME (as last time around)

**'Go For Broke'**  
IAN MATTHEWS  
CBS 81316

Matthews always seems to take great songs and turn them into the most flaccid, bland wallpaper. His 'Brown Eyed Girl' is totally devoid of the vitality and bite of the original, for example. Very wet music.

**'Hideaway'**  
AMERICA Warner Bros K 56236

**'On The (Downhill) Road'**  
JESSE COLIN YOUNG  
Warner Bros K 56223  
I fear this album has little to recommend it, save the personality of the star behind the wheel.

**'Activate'**  
BACK DOOR Warner Bros K 56243  
Despite their attempt to ingratiate themselves into our pages by incorporating the word 'Zigzag' into one of their titles, I remain undrawn towards noodling of this type. I prefer 'Back Door Man' by the Doors.

**'Get Closer'**  
SEALS & CROFTS Warner Bros K 56209

**'The Wetter The Better'**  
WET WILLIE  
Capricorn 2429 137

Sounds like any number of bands you can hear down the Britannia in Aylesbury on a Thursday night. Sleeve is smut of the most juvenile kind. (I expect they'll go through that bogus indignant publicity garnering trip (just like Virgin did when that ghostly Boxer rubbish was rejected) when Boots decide not to display it in their windows.

**'No Heavy Petting'**  
UFO Chrysalis CHR 1103

**'Pressure Drop'**  
ROBERT PALMER  
Island ILPS 9372  
His last album was so laid back it needed scaffolding to lift it up. This is all very meticulously put together, but has no zip. I prefer the Robert Palmer who used to be in The Insect Trust... have you heard 'The eyes of a New York woman'?

## NOT TOO BAD...NOT TOO GOOD

**'Cajun Moon'**  
CAJUN MOON Chrysalis CHR 1116  
Interesting debut

**'Bellamy Brothers'**  
Warner Bros K 56242  
'Let your love flow' was dynamite, but the rest of the album falls a long way short.

**'At Last'**  
FROGMORTON  
Phillips 6308 261  
Very nice and pleasant minority appeal stuff, quite enchanting in its own sweet way.

**'Strutting my stuff'**  
ELVIN BISHOP  
Polydor 2429 136  
The dog who sniffs around for long enough, finds the bone. Unfortunately, the rest of this album is nowhere near as powerful as the hit single.

**'Rare Masters'**  
PHIL SPECTOR  
Polydor 2307 008

## ON THE WAY DOWN

**'Wedding Album'**  
LEON & MARY RUSSELL  
Paradise K56244

Dwarfed by his first album of six summers ago... and I'm not wild about his tailor, either. Young Kendall laughed so much at the version of 'Lavender Blue (Dilly Dilly)' that he almost made himself ill.

**'Faithful'**  
TODD RUNDGREN  
Bearsville K55510

**'The Sound In Your Mind'**  
WILLIE NELSON  
CBS 81252

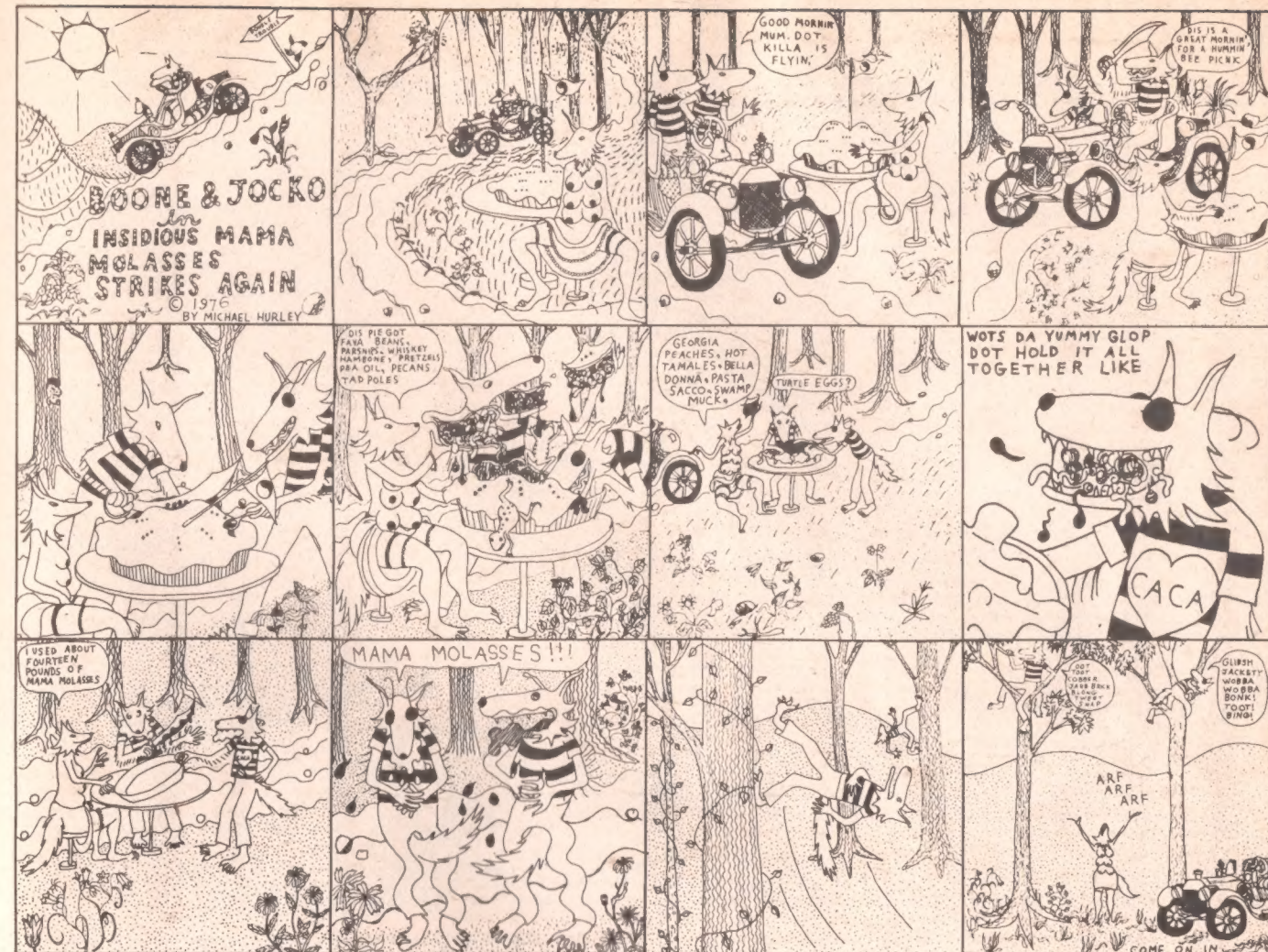
His last album was FAR better. Hope he isn't heading for the pastures (like Charlie Rich).

**'Live in New York'**  
FATS DOMINO  
Phillips Int 6336 275  
Obviously vastly inferior to the original versions, which are still widely available in their pristine glory on United Artists.

Dateline: Monday May 23rd. Some fools dismiss my reviews as the ravings of a self-opinionated mooncalf. There may be more than a grain of truth in that, but at least my opinions are honest... so anyone who doesn't like them can go and get stuffed. See if I care.

## ALBUM OF THE YEAR (SO FAR)

**'Old Number One'** GUY CLARK RCA



# ZIGZAG TOP TRACKS: MAY

LAST MONTH	THIS MONTH	ALBUM TRACK (or single*)	ARTISTE	NUMBER	MONTHS ON THE CHART
1	1	L.A. Freeway	GUY CLARK	RCA APL 11303	2
2	2	Memory Motel	ROLLING STONES	Rolling Stone COC 59106	1
3	3	Only Sixteen	DR HOOK	Capitol E-ST 11397	6
4	4	Cypress Avenue	VAN MORRISON	Warner Bros K46024	86
5	5	Irene Wilde	IAN HUNTER	CBS 81310	1
6	6	Me and My Uncle	MIKE WILHELM	Zigzag UAZZ 1	5
7	7	Topanga	JOHN PHILLIPS	Dunhill DS 50077	73
8	8	Shake Some Action	FLAMIN GROOVIES	Phonogram test pressing	1
9	9	Rebecca	FLO AND EDDIE	Columbia PC 33554	6
10	10	Murder Man	JOHN OTWAY	Track 2094 III*	29
11	11	Amanda	WAYLON JENNINGS	RCA LSA 3196	4
12	12	Return of the Grievous Angel	GRAM PARSONS	Reprise K 54018	30
13	13	Past Present and Future	SHANGRI LAS	Phillips 6336 215	125
14	14	Transient Friends	GENEVIEVE WAITE	Paramour PR 5088 SD	13
15	15	Man Of Constant Sorrow	KALEIDOSCOPE	Pacific Arts PAC 102	1
16	16	Love Story	JETHRO TULL	Chrysalis CJT 1	1
17	17	Standing On The Moon	LOTHAR AND THE HAND PEOPLE	Capitol ST 247	68
18	18	Tangled Up In Blue	BOB DYLAN	CBS69097	16
19	19	Twelve Thirty	MAMAS AND PAPAS	Dunhill DS 50031	97
20	20	Take The Money And Run	STEVE MILLER	Phonogram test pressing	1
21	21	Here We Are In The Years	NEIL YOUNG	Reprise K 44059	86
22	22	Dark End Of The Street	LINDA RONSTADT	Capitol ST 11358	18
23	23	Seventeen Years On The River	RANDY BURNS	Mercury 6338 060	65
24	24	Kiss And Say Goodbye	KATE & ANNA MCGARRIGLE	Warner Bros K 56218	3
25	25	Please Come To Boston	DAVE LOGGINS	Epic EPC 80622	8
26	26	Miracles	JEFFERSON STARSHIP	Grunt BFLI 0999	6
27	27	Just An Old Love Song	JOHN STEWART	Warner Bros K 46135	55
28	28	These Days	JACKSON BROWNE	Asylum SYL 9013	30
29	29	Through The Eyes Of Love	FROST	Vanguard VSD 6556	18
30	30	Holy River	SPACE OPERA	Epic KE 32117	21
		BUBBLING UNDER:			
		Come Monday	JIMMY BUFFET	Dunhill DSD 50132	
		September Gurls	BIG STAR	Arden ADS 1501	
		If Only The Good Die Young	CHRIS & PAULINE ADAMS	Charisma CB 244*	
		Morning Glory	MAC GAYDEN	ABC 4082*	



# DR FEELGOOD

The story of the Feelgoods' first taste of America - at the CBS convention - continued from up near the front.

**N**ext morning, on the day of the gig, I stood against the bar with Nick and Wilko - early risers (and early drinkers) both - and we laughed about the Brinsley "Fillmore Hype". "I wish I had a quid for every time I've had to talk about that," Nick said. "At the time, it never occurred to me that I should have that fuckin' bell around my neck for the rest of my life - like a Swiss cow". "That's the trouble with headline ink," said Wilko, "it takes a long time to wash off".

A guy with us, a young CBS man, asked about the Feelgoods' name, and Wilko explained its origin. "There was this old blues singer from Georgia.... I forget his real name, but he used to call himself Piano Red during the fifties. He had some fairly big selling records, but in the sixties he decided to try and broaden his appeal and his horizons - and he changed his stage name to Dr Feelgood. In fact, he had a group called Dr Feelgood and the Inferns - and had a hit with a song called 'Dr Feelgood'.... on a CBS subsidiary label - if I remember right".

As far as American blues is concerned, however, the original Dr Feelgood was not an influence on Wilko. "A lot of people back in England think the sole influence on my playing was a bloke called Mick Green, who used to be with a band called Johnny Kidd and the Pirates. Ever hear them? They were great; used to wear striped pirates' jerseys, and Johnny Kidd had a leather doublet, sort of floppy-topped leather thigh boots, and a black patch like that geezer in Dr Hook. He was killed in a car accident".

"Anyway, as I was saying, a greater influence on my style was a Chicago blues guitarist called Hunchback Taylor, who was a cousin of Hound Dog Taylor, but a really startlingly original player.... unique to the Chicago scene, I should think. One of my great regrets was that I never saw him playing.... but Billy C. Farlowe from Commander Cody saw him and said he was fantastic - better than his albums. As far as I know, he only made 2 albums, for Delmark Records - and that's where I copped a lot of my early licks and riffs.... like 'She Does It Right' for instance. He died in poverty about two years ago".

"I guess life gets to a musician whichever end of the scale he works at; Hunchback's body was weakened by debauchery and venereal disease, as well as brandy and fatigue, but he played on; the stage of even the grottiest bar seemed to inject life into his crumbling body. He was 43 when he collapsed, on stage.... just fell off his chair. He died seven weeks later.... a king of shreds and patches, maybe, but still a king in my eyes".

Lee had joined us, and he and Nick went off in search of lunch - an episode in their lives which Nick recounted with relish.

"The thing about eating over here is that you read the menu and just can't stop drooling with sheer excitement at the prospect of eating such succulent delicacies.... you can barely keep your mind occupied as you wait for the chick to bring you 'Fresh young Texan Pheasant breasts, marinated in dog's milk and garnished with

swallows' tongues'.... then it arrives, invariably in quantities sufficient to feed Napoleon's army, and it looks delicious.... but it tastes fuckin' awful, completely tasteless".

"Anyway, me and Lee were noshing away (on total unlimited credit, of course), working our way through one of these specially de-flavoured meals - when we suddenly noticed the two people sitting at the table next to us. They were middle aged, and typically American - wearing that crimplene stuff they all seem to wear, in horribly lurid shades. I mean, there is absolutely no subtlety in American clothes.... if something is red, it is RED, and if something is yellow, it glows like a luminous canary.... definitely primary colours!! -

"But the thing that caught our eye, to the point where we couldn't stop looking on in disbelief and wonder, was the wig that one of them was wearing. He was sitting with his back to us, and his wig was bright orange.... but it stopped abruptly halfway down the back of his head and his natural black hair took over.... and it looked as if he'd got a bit of tiger skin draped over his swede!

"So we were having a bit of a chuckle, watching them - and we suddenly realised just how much food they were guzzling.... Shrimp cocktails, with shrimps and lettuce and mayonnaise heaped everywhere, shovelling it all in like guys spading coal into the open jaws of a blast furnace.... Steaks and vegetables and side salads and rolls and wine, all being shoved down as fast as they would go. We thought it would be impossible for anyone to eat any more, but then they started on these brandy glasses, like huge goldfish bowls, crammed with globs of coloured ice-cream.... we just couldn't believe it!

"Meanwhile, the waitresses were fussing and farting about - 'Serve to the point of nausea'.... 'And what is your desire? How can I be of further service to you? Is there anything else you require? Would you like me to wash your feet and kiss your arse?'.... well, you know how they go on.

"Anyway, these cats ploughed on, oblivious to the world around them, just stuffing themselves stupid.... totally pre-occupied with the task at hand. If you've ever seen a kitten licking its arsehole, you'll know what I mean. Then, suddenly, without warning, Tigerskin Toupee puked the whole lot up - a gushing torrent of vomit like I've never seen.... all over the table! His face was purple, and I'm sure he was having a cardiac arrest.

"Well, me and Lee were laughing so much at this quaint American custom of behaving like Gadarone swine, that we had to leave the restaurant, bent double, tears in our eyes and piss in our pants".

**A**lright.... zero hour, and screwed up with responsibility, I'm more tense and nervous than the band, who are standing in the wings with Chris - cool and casual as ever, confident of a maximum performance.

Preceding the Feelgoods had been Bonnie Koloc, and a group called Small Wonder (a pseudo Super-tramp/Yes effort with all white

equipment and ultra violet light.... the sort of thing Dantalian's Chariot were doing almost ten years ago), and closing the evening would be Michael Murphy and his band, with John McEvan from the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band guesting on fiddle and banjo.

CBS, to their credit had got the very best: Showco to provide the p.a. and Studio Instrument Rental to provide any equipment necessary.... it was a magnificent service. They had trucks full of gear - anything you could want. The four rooms nearest to the stage were used as dressing rooms, and I was about to lug an amp off the stage so the guys could tune up.... and immediately, an army of Studio Instrument Rental guys rushed up to offer alternatives.... "What would you like? A Champ? Or a Princeton? A Twin Reverb? What about a strobotuner.... what about 3 strobotuners?" I could barely believe it.

The p.a. was perfection.... a brilliant sound.... and hundreds of lights - the operating desk was like a studio console.... and backstage it was all being organised with minute precision. So we were on stage right on cue, behind the curtains, waiting to be announced.

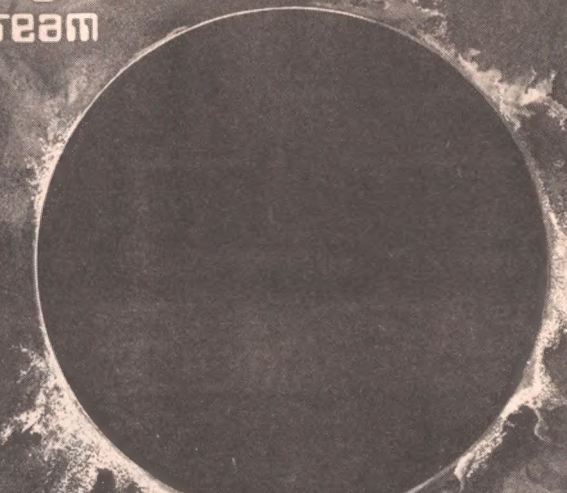
Meanwhile, out in front, the cat from CBS was winding up his speeches and observations.... Sincerity welling from every crevice in his body. It was pure theatre, and he was digging every minute of it.... "And Art Garfunkel has personally asked me to thank you guys in Seattle for the wonderful promo job you did on 'Breakaway' - boy, was that some campaign you pulled off up there.... and Boz is here with us tonight.... hi Boz.... he has a brand new album out very soon - good luck with that one Boz...." and so on. It was great. Nothing is constant in the world of rock, nothing except the flow of product, and that comes and goes like loaves of bread. No-one remembers last year's failures - no-one even hears the squawking of those who backed the wrong horses.

The Feelgoods waited patiently, but they'd been standing there for about 8 minutes now, and the cat was still going on about major breakout areas/demographic sales surveys/promo campaigns.... and the band began to get a little tense and edgy.

Meanwhile, the Showco road crew - 30 guys at least, all assigned to their specific tasks, are standing around the edges, alert with efficiency.... when Lee suddenly notices that his mike lead has been taped down at the back of the stage, rather than the front.... my fault, I guess, not being familiar with their requirements (Lee likes it taped in front of him to prevent it knotting up as he flails it around). So I dispatch a Showco guy to fetch some tape.... and as he rushes off, he knocks Lee's slide guitar off its stand, breaking the neck clean off!!

Will they get to play? Will it be a roaring success? Will there be a drunken party with CBS hookers? Tune in to next month's exciting conclusion! CAL WORTHINGTON (Handwritten by Pete Frame)

tangerine  
dream



zeit

## Zeit on time.

Well, a little late perhaps...

Zeit - a double album released in Germany in 1972 and considered by many to be among the group's most important work, is now available in Britain for the first time at the modest price of £3.49.

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Did you know that this bloke used to clean the bogs at the Savoy cinema in Luton? From a Jack to a King in one year... for the full Royal Scam, tune in to the next fab groovy issue of ZIGZAG, which among other things contains yardage on Ian Hunter, Ian Matthews, Graham Parker, Steve Miller, Bonnie Raitt, Procol Harum and the goodole days of Jethro Tull.

It's just a month away!





We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

John Tobler thought the last issue was one of the poorest in the history of the magazine. I liked it myself, old bean...but I'm not too happy about certain aspects of this ish...to wit, having my column chopped once more. (Can this be a subtle hint? Doubt it, because even our esteemed editor has lost his column this month. Painful).

The dead stars poll drew unprecedented response, including a few amazingly self-righteous letters which were so off-the-beam and hilarious that I wish we'd had space to print 'em. Part of the fun of being a rock fan is to sit and watch the careers of stars going up and down, people being dis-comfited after complacent victories... and these guys, by the very nature of their work, must flaunt their lives before their fans. They must pay oodles of cash to publicists to ensure that they live in goldfish bowls on view to everyone...and to be a real super star, you have to whoop it up in really staggering luxury, with a private life festooned with exotic pleasures well beyond the grasp of mere mortals. It's all such jolly fun to watch these cats in their goldfish bowls, doncha think?

Of the ones who made the Top 60 over there, 26% died of natural causes, 27% as a direct result of drugs or alcohol, 26% in road rail skyplane or boat jobs, 6½% were suicides, and the rest were either electrocuted, murdered, consumed by venereal disease, drowned in swimming pools, or were lost without trace in the Peruvian jungles.

The results of the 'Who Ought To Retire?' poll were too predictable and boring to print - which was my fault, because I should have known that guys like Alan Price and Alan Freeman and Tony Blackburn would clean up.

The Nesmith Photo Caption Competition attracted many uninspired (and often extremely crude) efforts; the one I eventually selected was "If I'd have known it was going to be like this, I'd have let Stills get the job". The sizzlingly witty mind behind this entry belongs to Paul Cox of Bury, who wins a Thijs Van Leer album for his pains.

Of entries received so far, do you know who's winning the 'Artist you most want to see featured in ZZ' poll? Jackson Browne...by about eight miles.

For the poll this month, please send me your ten (in order of preference) favourite LYRICISTS. And, as a bonus, send also your list of artists or groups whose names are associated with birds...e.g. The Eagles, Rare Bird, Mighty Sparrow, etc. The person who sends in the longest list will win an album of my choice. Send all correspondence to The Famous Mac Garry, c/o Yeoman Cottage, North Marston, Buckingham MK18 3PH..... thank you all.

When that fog horn blows, I will be coming home, Mac.

## FAVOURITE ★ DEAD ROCK STAR

Pos	readers' poll: May 1976	votes
1	GRAM PARSONS	675
2	JIMI HENDRIX	606
3	JIM MORRISON	471
4	BUDDY HOLLY	409
5	DUANE ALLMAN	364
6	CLARENCE WHITE	315
7	TIM BUCKLEY	290
8	DANNY WHITTEN	289
9	BRIAN JONES	201
10	OTIS REDDING	189
11	JANIS JOPLIN	182
12	EDDIE COCHRAN	159
=	PAUL KOSOFF	
14	PIGPEN	140
15	NICK DRAKE	134
16	GENE VINCENT	86
17	JOHNNY KIDD	81
18	SAM COOKE	77
19	RICHARD FARINA	53
20	CASS ELLIOTT	48
21	DUSTER BENNETT	45
=	HANK WILLIAMS	
23	JIM CROCE	44
24	AL WILSON	42
25	RICHIE VALENS	37
=	JIM "O.D." MCGUIRE	
27	BERRY OAKLEY	29
28	GRAHAM BOND	26
=	HOWLING WOLF	
=	BIG BOPPER	
31	LES HARVEY	23
=	JOHNNY BURNETTE	
=	CHARLEY PATTON	
34	ROBERT JOHNSON	22
=	ROBBIE MEINTOSH	
36	BOBBY DARIN	20
=	BRIAN EPSTEIN	
38	PETE HAM	19
=	SCOTT JOPLIN	
=	GLEN MILLER	
=	MARTIN LAMBLE	
=	DIJANGO RHEINHARDT	
43	PAUL BEAVER	18
=	KING CURTIS	
=	ERIC DOLPHY	
46	BEETHOVEN	17
=	ELMORE JAMES	
48	MOZART	16
49	WOODY GUTHRIE	15
=	MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT	
51	BOB WILLS	13
52	JUDY GARLAND	12
53	JOHN COLTRANE	11
=	BILLIE HOLLIDAY	
=	HAROLD M'NAIR	
56	TOM DONAHUE	10
57	ADGE CUTLER	9
58	CHARLIE PARKER	8
	STUART SUTCLIFFE	
60	RICK DEY	6

## SMALL ADS

Advertise here for only 7p a word!!! (Exclamation marks free - so use as many as you like!). All ads must be pre-paid by PO/cheque. Box numbers 50p extra. Advertisers must supply their name and address. Zigzag reserves the right of refusal. Late stuff will be held over to the next issue. Send your ad, written at least semi legibly, to Zigzag, Prestagat Ltd, 10 Kennet Street, Reading, Berks.

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## FANZINES

NOSTALGIA: 25p (inc post) from Sedat Nemli, 38 Bedford Square, Brighton. Man/Kokomo/Miles Davis/Carole Grimes/etc

OMAHA RAINBOW Number 9: Interviews with Emory Gordy, John Stewart, Ian Matthews, Doug Dillard and Martyn Smith (among others). Now 35p (inc post) from 10 Lesley Court, Harcourt Road, Wallington, Surrey

IMPETUS number 1: Yamashta/Bley/Ligeti/Tippett/Can/and more. 35p (inc post) from Kenneth Ansell, 68 Hillfield Ave, Hornsey, London N8

HOT WACKS 10: Emmylou/Jackson Browne/Bryn Haworth/John Hammond/etc. 28p (inc post) from Bertie Muirhead, 16 almondbank Terrace, Edinburgh (in Scotland somewhere)

WEST COAST NEWSLETTER No 10: Free! Send s.a.e to Brian Long, 8 Whitefield Avenue, Luton, Beds.

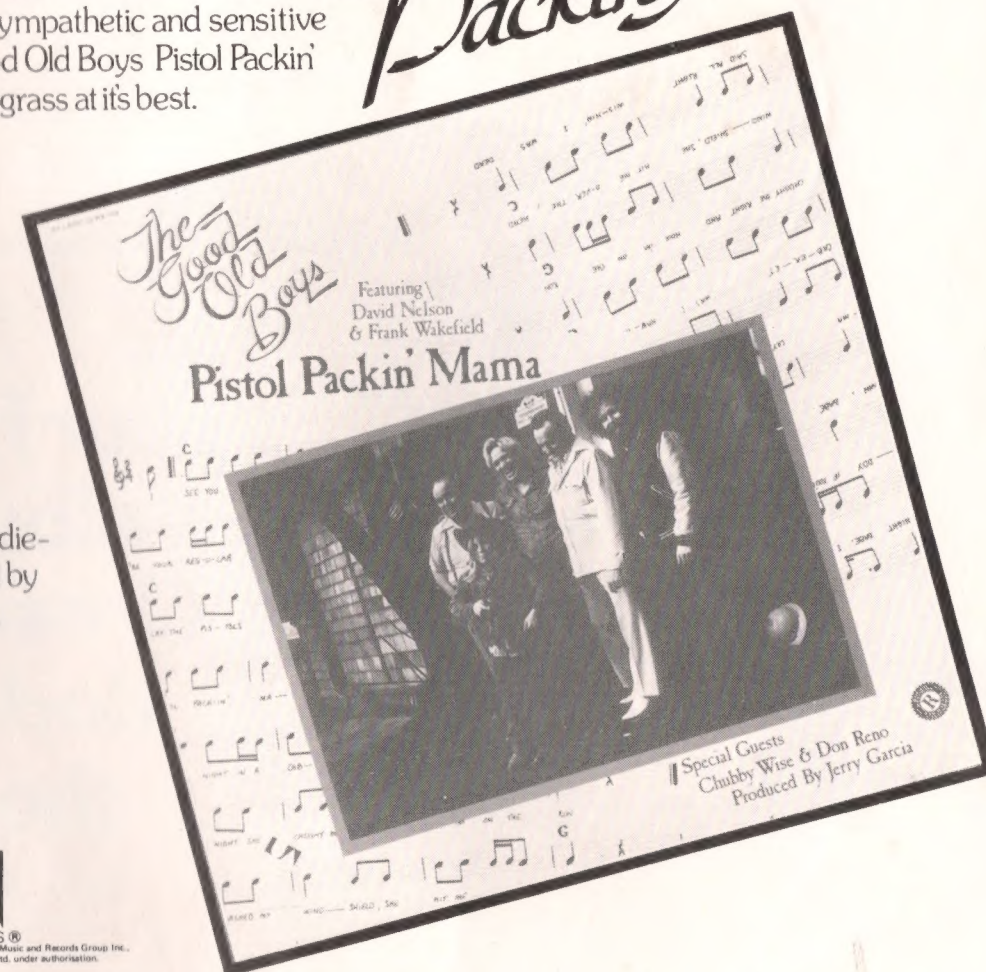
ATEM No 4: Nico/Emmylou/Eagles/etc...all in French! 40p (inc post) from 23 Bis, Rue A Briand, 54000 Nancy, France. (A weird one).

# The Good Old Boys

The Good Old Boys are traditional and contemporary musicians playing traditional Bluegrass music. The line up is - David Nelson (ex New Riders of the Purple Sage), Frank Wakefield, Pat Campbell, Don Reno (ex Bill Munro) and Chubby Wise (ex Flatt and Scruggs).

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*Pistol Packin' Mama*



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